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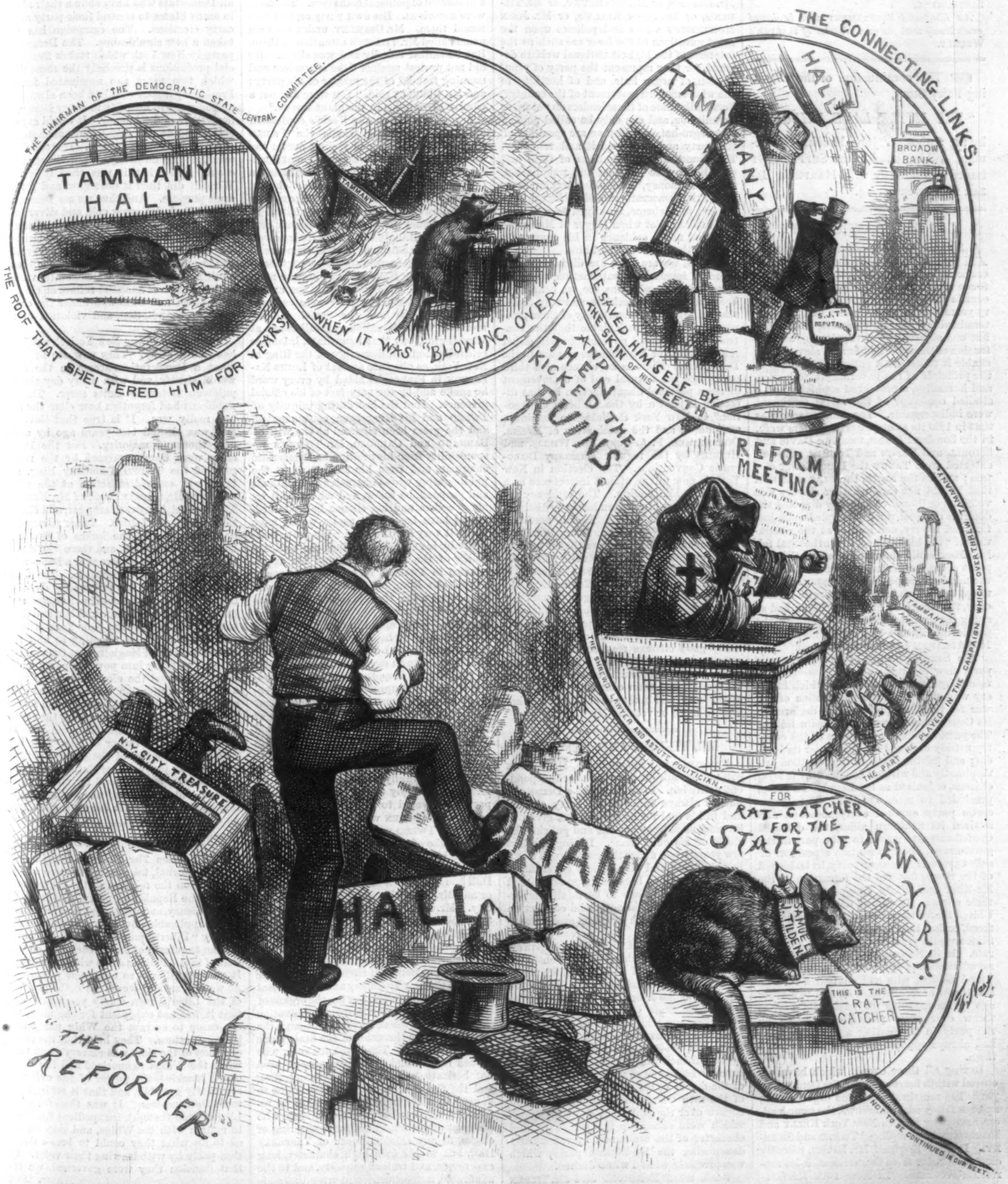
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.
TAMMANY HALL.
THE ROOF THAT SHELTERED HIM FOR YEARS;
TAMMANY
WHEN IT WAS "BLOWING OVER,"
THE CONNECTING LINKS.
TAMMANY HALL
BROADW BANK.
S.J.T's REPUTATION
HE SAVED HIMSELF BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH
AND THEN THE KICKED THE RUINS.
REFORM MEETING.
TAMMANY HALL
THE SHREWD LAWYER AND ASTUTE POLITICIAN.
THE PART HE PLAYED IN THE CAMPAIGN WHICH OVERTHREW TAMMANY.
N.Y. CITY TREASURE
TAMMANY HALL
"THE GREAT REFORMER."
FOR
RAT-CATCHER FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK.
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.
THIS IS THE RAT-CATCHER
NOT TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.
Th. Nast.

A TAMMANY RAT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

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THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

AS the Western elections are supposed by many persons to foreshow a Democratic restoration in 1876, it is worth while to see what such an event means. The Democratic party lost power in 1860. For twenty years previously its policy had been determined by Southern leaders, and it had but one object—the strengthening and extension of the system of human slavery. To enable it to defend a policy so repulsive to the principle of the government, to justice, and humanity, a prolonged sophistry and a studied contempt of the moral sentiment were indispensable. The consequence was that in 1860 its most powerful leaders were, in the Southern States, men like DAVIS and SLIDELL, and MASON and TOOMBS, who had extorted from TANEY the DRED SCOTT dictum; and, in the North, DOUGLAS, who said that he did not care whether slavery was voted up or down. The party despised the doctrine of equal rights, trampled upon justice and liberty, and scoffed at the obligation of "the higher law" as sentimental folly. Meanwhile the perception of the purposes of its leaders had become so clear in the mind of the people, the shame and contempt into which, under Democratic ascendency, the American name had fallen had so stung the national honor and so aroused the public intelligence and conscience, that in 1860 ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected.

The Southern wing of the Democratic party flew to arms, and was passively sustained by the Northern wing, which in every way obstructed the prosecution of the war for the Union, and in 1864 declared in its Convention that the war was a failure. The patriotism and good sense of the country utterly despised the party and its leaders; and having subdued the rebellion triumphantly and without conditions, the loyal citizens, organized as the Republican party, proceeded to reconstruction. The Democratic party opposed every measure, and advised its Southern allies, the defeated Confederates, to refuse to take part in the government, and to maintain a position of sullen protest. The same party, by its hatred of the negro, fostered the formation of the Ku-Klux and White Leagues, and denied their crimes. It denied the power of the United States to protect those whom it had freed, seeing that anarchy in the Southern States would tend to discredit Republican rule. In its National Convention it favored repudiation, and nominated a candidate for Vice-President who had advised a forcible overthrow of reconstruction, and two years ago in its madness for power its leaders threw over every principle professed by the party in nominating a candidate who had always opposed and heartily despised them.

During all these events, which have occurred within fourteen years, the Democratic party has remained the same organization, and has followed, and follows, the same leaders, excepting that in New York KELLY and MORRISSEY have replaced TWEED and SWEENY. In New England Mr. EATON, recently elected Senator from Connecticut, is its representative man. In New York Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. TILDEN, whose hostility to the war and to the reconstruction policy is familiar, are now party chiefs, as they have been for twenty-five years. At the West the elections show that Mr. PENDLETON represents the real sentiment of his party, and in Missouri the Democratic party is so plainly and frankly "rebel" that Mr. SCHURZ, who worked with it in 1872 for GREELEY, is now openly opposing it. The Democratic twaddle about "hard money" is disposed of by the fact that the only open repudiation platforms of the year are Democratic. Its "home rule" means black codes in the Southern States, and its "free trade," in view of the financial situation and traditions of the country, is sheer Buncombe.

The national restoration of such a party would be merely disastrous reaction. It could only defeat and delay the process of reunion. It could settle nothing whatever, for it would be intrusting the amendments and the laws which have been adopted and enacted to fix and secure the results of the war to those who were vanquished in the struggle. No sensible man can suppose that Mr. EATON'S, or Mr. SEYMOUR'S, or Mr. TILDEN'S, or Mr. JOHN KELLY'S, or Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY'S views and policies upon the great questions of the hour are such as the interests of the highest national welfare demand, for they represent the party of repudiation, of negro hate, and of hostility to the whole modern movement of the country. Personally some of these leaders do not favor repudiation, and can only be called politically negro-haters. But we are speaking of the party and of its spirit and tendency. The Democratic Conventions of Ohio and of Indiana were inflation and repudiation, not "hard money," assemblies, and Mr. JOHN FORSYTH, Democratic candidate for the Legislature in Alabama, is obliged to apologize and explain that when Mayor of Mobile he admitted negro evidence in his court only because the law compelled him.

Parties, we are told, are dissolving, and there is immense dissatisfaction upon all sides. The Republicans, too, we hear, have been culpable and reckless, and may thank themselves for the uncertainty of their prospects. But it is undeniable that the control of the national government will either remain with the Republicans or pass to the Democrats. There is no chance of a third party, and the natural end of a movement of mere personal dissatisfaction in that direction is shown by the "Liberal Convention" in New York declining to nominate candidates, and the nomination of Messrs. DORSHEIMER, F. A. CONKLING, WILLIS, and HUGHES by the regular Tammany Democratic Conventions. The election in New York is now of the utmost importance as a sign of public feeling. The tendency toward a freshet of reaction has been distinctly shown at the West. This is perfectly understood in New York. Every Republican voter in this State knows that if he does not exert himself the Democratic party may succeed. If such should be the result, it can not be said that the Republicans did not fully understand the exigency, and their defeat would have a deplorable significance. There is no excuse for negligence or indifference. However impatient of many things many good citizens may be, they will not refuse to vote for Governor DIX unless they think that a Democratic restoration would be less hurtful than continued Republican ascendency, and in that case they will either stay at home or vote for Mr. TILDEN.

MR. TILDEN AND REFORM.

PERSONALLY irreproachable, Mr. TILDEN can not be called a courageous or independent politician. From his youth a Democrat, he has always followed his party closely, and in his zeal for its success has given to its most monstrous actions and policies the cloak of his good name. During the last few years, when under the mastery of TWEED in this State and city honest government seemed to have become impossible, and American institutions to be fatally imperiled, Mr. TILDEN held an official connection with his party which gave him great prominence and influence. He was really the enemy of TWEED, but finding himself powerless against him in the party, he consented to hold a position of honor in which, as he made no open protest, he really served the purposes of the Ring. As chairman of the Democratic State Committee, he appeared at conventions which he knew that TWEED and his tools carried in their pockets, and instead of boldly and frankly denouncing them and their dictatorship, and aiming to save the State and country even at the risk of the defeat of his party, he did the work of the men whom he despised, by keeping silence over the pollutions and corruptions which were eating up the substance and character of the State, and by vehemently denouncing the Republican party, which was precisely what TWEED desired.

When DEAN RICHMOND died Mr. TILDEN became chairman of the State Democratic Committee. There is no doubt whatever that TWEED and his gang cooked the election returns of 1868 to suit themselves. They made New York and Brooklyn return a majority of 60,000 votes for SEYMOUR, and of 70,000 for HOFFMAN, who was their man. The New York *World* in the following year said that its editor had himself seen "by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR." Mr. GREELEY wrote a letter to Mr. TILDEN showing from official figures that in some districts there was actually a majority reported larger than the whole number of voters. It was when these things were done under the TWEED ascendency and notorious corruption, when the city returns were withheld until the result in the rural districts could be ascertained, so as to know how large a majority was required, that Mr. TILDEN was chairman of the Democratic State Committee. He was then, as he is now, one of the most thorough and shrewd of political managers. The facts were notorious. His own party organs confessed them. Mr. GREELEY under his own name called Mr. TILDEN'S attention to them. But he smiled blandly and was silent. He did not protest against "the shameless and cunning frauds" of the master of his party; and Mr. GREELEY said, "You were at least a passive accomplice in the giant frauds."

A year later than the *World's* confession of those Democratic frauds the TWEED Ring went shouting and reeling across the State to hold the party Convention at Rochester. It carried Mr. TILDEN in its train, as the emperors a captive at their chariot wheels. But unlike those royal captives who followed in silence, and disdained to take an honor from their loathsome conquerors, or willingly to confirm their power, Mr. TILDEN, chairman of the Democratic Committee, again voluntarily strengthened TWEED and the Ring by throwing the mantle of his own good name over the crimes which at that moment they were committing in the city and the State. He denounced what he called centralization at Washington, but that immediate, infamous centralization and despotism of the Ring in New York, as absolute as that of LOUIS NAPOLEON in France, he aided by every word he spoke and by the very fact of his official presence. Had the last daring iniquity of TWEED and his Ring been consummated, and the press been silenced at the will of BARNARD and CARDOZO, Mr. TILDEN'S responsibility from his position as Democratic chairman, and from his silence as to the public enemy whose character and methods and purposes he knew, and whom both by his speeches and his silence he sustained, would have been such as he would have found it very hard to bear. Yet, we repeat, while by his speeches against the national policy of the Republicans and his acquiescence in TWEED'S dictatorship he really served the Ring, Mr. TILDEN despised his yoke; and when the *Times* did one of the greatest public services ever rendered by the press, in exposing the detailed proof of TWEED'S crimes, he entered heartily into the movement, and did good service. But he did not take an open position of hostility to the TWEED despotism until it had provoked a general uprising of all decent people; and there is no reason to suppose that he would not have continued to serve as the figure-head of TWEED'S conventions and to make speeches which promoted TWEED'S purposes as long as TWEED was able to maintain his position.

This is certainly not the story of a reformer, but simply that of a politician and partisan devoted to the ascendency of his party. Mr. TILDEN was hostile to TWEED, but while TWEED was master he conformed for the sake of the party. Mr. JOHN KELLY says that Tammany Hall "is the only reform party in existence here to-day." Tammany Hall has nominated Mr. TILDEN for Governor and Mr. JAMES HAYES for Register in the city. Mr. HAYES is nominated because Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY wished it. Is Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY a reformer? Western New York Democratic papers, the Buffalo *Courier* and the Rochester *Union*, declared, before Mr. TILDEN'S nomination, that there is no difference between the new Tammany and the old. But Mr. KELLY retorts that they are the organs of the Canal Ring, the most corrupt combination in the State, at whose dictation, he says, the last Democratic Governor of the State made his appointments. The New York voter who wishes reform and good government need not hesitate between the Tammany Ring and the Canal Ring, nor beat his brains to know why they unite in supporting "a reformer." He can vote for a candidate who does not owe his nomination to any ring or clique, to any Custom-house or Tammany Hall, but to his own high character, long experience, and trained sagacity, and to the admirable, independent, and irreproachable manner in which he has administered the government of the State during the last two years.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS AROUSED.

THE Republican State Committee of New York has issued an address urging activity and organization to secure the election of Governor DIX. The elections in Ohio and Indiana, however, had already made the same appeal to the Republicans of New York, and the chances of a Republican victory are greater than they were three weeks ago. The universal confidence of the Republicans had made them apathetic, and the Democrats, under the lead of Mr. TILDEN, who is one of the most efficient politicians in the country, were making a most thorough canvass. But the Western elections have alarmed business and industrial circles. The Democratic victory in Indiana and in Ohio was won upon an inflation platform. A Democratic success plainly implies financial disaster. The frank repudiationists are all Democrats who have shown their ability in many States to control their party and to carry elections. The campaign has thus taken a new significance. The Democratic party in New York which makes fine financial professions is precisely the same party which two years ago nominated for the Presidency a man who had been always the embodiment of hostility to every Democratic measure and tendency. It would say any thing, and do any thing, and nominate any candidate to secure success. It stood for no principle and no policy except victory at all costs. And what it was then it is now. What it did then it does now, and for the same purpose. And thus we see Democrats in New York declaring gold and silver to be the only legal tender, demanding steady steps toward specie payments, payment of the debt in coin, and a sacred preservation of the public faith, and in the same breath exultingly hailing as a Democratic victory and a promise of financial reform an election in Indiana and Ohio won under the cry of inflation, repudiation, and violation of the public faith.

The apathy of the New York Republicans has passed away. They now see precisely what a Democratic success in the State would signify, and with every day the Republican victory becomes surer. The Republicans had forgotten how close the contest really was. It is true that Governor DIX was elected two years ago by about fifty thousand majority. But the Democrats were then paralyzed by the recent ruin of the TWEED Tammany Ring, and there was some disaffection at the nomination of Mr. GREELEY and of Mr. KERNAN. They rallied, however, last year, and elected their State candidates. These things had been forgotten in the lustre of Governor DIX'S administration, and there was a general disposition to believe that a Democratic success was most improbable. The thunder from the West has fortunately dispelled that dream, and a thorough, active, and most promising canvass is now making, and there is every indication that New York is to be spared the shame of rejecting so able and admirable a Chief Magistrate as General DIX in order to bring into power a party which has just carried the election in Ohio upon a platform of inflation, and in Indiana upon a demand for unlimited inflation and for the repeal of the law that guarantees the sacred observance of the public faith. A vote for Mr. TILDEN as Governor of New York is a vote for the control of the general government by the party whose National Convention six years ago declared for virtual repudiation, and which has just marched to victory at the West under the same standard.

TEMPERANCE REPUBLICANS.

THE *Southern Tier Leader*, a stanch temperance journal, takes exceptions to our remarks upon the relation of the temperance men to the Republican party, that it is one of expediency, and urges that that argument is as inapplicable now as it was to the antislavery "Liberty party" in 1844. Of course it is an argument of expediency, and so was that of 1844. Politics deals with expedients. It uses expedients to carry out principles. As we said several weeks since, the position of the Liberty men thirty years ago was that it was not expedient for the antislavery cause to sustain the Whig party and its nominations. They held that the great question of the time was slavery; and that while the Whigs temporized and the Democrats truckled, the power of the evil was constantly growing, and that it really mastered both parties. It was therefore, the Liberty men thought, inexpedient for them to remain with the Whigs, and they decided to do what they could to break down that party by withdrawing their votes. In that decision they were governed, we repeat, by considerations of expediency. But certainly it is plain that a perfectly sincere antislavery man might have thought, as thousands of them did think, that the cause would be better served by supporting the Whigs than by bringing the Democrats into power. In other words, they honestly thought that it was more expedient for the cause of freedom to vote with one of the existing parties.

Those who think that prohibition is now the paramount issue may believe that both the Republican and Democratic parties are the slaves of the liquor interest, and they will therefore vote for Mr. CLARK; and as they are Republicans, they will thereby vote against the Republican party. But it is still only a question of expediency, and it is as such that it must be discussed. The question is whether an exclusive "temperance man" does more to stay intemperance by voting for Governor DIX than for Mr. CLARK, that is to say, indirectly for Mr. TILDEN. Upon that point we have no more doubt than we have in regard to the election of 1844. There was more antislavery feeling among the Whigs than the Democrats; but both parties were controlled by servility to slavery. There is now more temperance feeling among Republicans than among Democrats. But prohibition is not the same paramount and absorbing question that slavery was in 1844, nor is the Republican party servile to the liquor interest. There are other vital issues, so that so earnest and devoted a temperance advocate as GERRIT SMITH is of opinion that the point at which all good citizens, including temperance men and prohibitionists, should aim is the defeat of the Democratic party.

The *Leader* says that the question with temperance men is not so much one of methods as of something or nothing. Yet the friends of temperance can hardly think that much has been gained for the cause by the Democratic success in Ohio. Had the Republicans won the day, the result would certainly have been "something," and the constituency of the party in New York is not substantially different from that in Ohio. The *Leader* must not forget that there is a political principle involved in the demand of prohibition of a kind to which there was no resemblance in the slavery question, and which will always interfere with unanimity even among temperance men. We mean the principle involved in all sumptuary laws. Indeed, there is no question which is more strictly one of expediency—of course in no low or base sense—than that of a wise policy in regard to drunkenness; and so long as we think that upon this subject the convictions and good sense of the Republican party can be trusted, we shall certainly regret to see the Democratic party assisted by temperance men. Especially should we regret to see this done upon the ground that Governor DIX has betrayed the cause by his veto of a particular local option bill. The Governor vetoed that bill upon perfectly legitimate grounds. The bill was loosely and improperly drawn, and the Governor's reasons are sound and valid. We trust that the temperance men of the State will decide the question of supporting the Republican party upon its own merits and not upon the merits of the contest of 1844.

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

WE trust that no voter in New York will forget that he has a chance at the coming election to do much to purify the government of the State by supporting the proposed amendments to the Constitution. We have already pointed out some of the more important reforms for which they provide. They will abolish much of the present special and local legislation; they strike at the Canal Ring, the source of constant and immense corruption, by prohibiting extra compensation to contractors; they throw very stringent additional guards around the purity of the ballot-box; they provide for Legislative salaries which shall not be large enough to tempt cupidity, nor so small as to invite corruption; they forbid city governments to appoint members of the Legislature to office; they extend the term of the Governor to three years, to insure greater stability of administration; they give authority to the Legislature to sell the lateral canals if it should seem advisable, for the reason that they are a serious annual drain upon the Treasury of the State; they forbid State appropriations for private purposes, including railroads, and also town bonding for railroads; and they provide certain admirable regulations of the methods of legislation and of the veto.

There is probably none of the proposed amendments which would not have the hearty support of every honest and intelligent voter if he only knew what it was. But with the exception of the warm commendation of Governor DIX and Mr. MORGAN, the address of the Convention, the discussion of the Bar Association, and the action of the Chamber of Commerce and the Grocers' Board of Trade, with the admirable pamphlet and addresses of Mr. PRINCE, the subject has not been presented to public attention. This apathy upon a question of fundamental importance is rather humiliating, but not unfamiliar. The Canal Ring is of course bitterly opposed to the amendments, and will do all that it can to secure their defeat. But as there is nothing in them of a partisan character, as they do not attempt to recast the Constitution, but only to facilitate and elevate the working of the present system, they can be and should be sustained by all voters in both parties who wish for better practical methods in the State government and the correction of proved evils of administration.

SOUTH CAROLINA POLITICS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the regular Republican candidate for Governor in South Carolina, has written a letter to the New York *Tribune* denying certain statements against him made by an anonymous correspondent of that paper. As we have mentioned the same allegations, which have been long current and familiar, we give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the benefit of mentioning his denial. He says explicitly that the notorious acts for the increase of the debt were not only not drawn by him, but that he was not consulted about them, and knew nothing of them until they were published. He states also that the acts, which are described as "cunningly worded" and "opening the door to fraud," are simply literal copies from the acts of Congress authorizing the present bonded debt of the United States—acts which are understood to have been drawn by Chief Justice CHASE. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN points out a material mistake of the correspondent as to the date of the Conversion Bond Act, which was passed in March, 1869, instead of February, 1872, as alleged, and denies that he prepared the act. He says also that Mr. KIMPTON, although an old college friend of his, was appointed not upon his recommendation, but upon that of eminent financial gentlemen in New York. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN offers, if the correspondent will sustain his assertions by evidence, to establish what he says by incontestable proofs. As the case stands, his denial must be accepted as against an anonymous assertion.

We have also had put into our hands a letter written by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in May, 1871, when, we believe, he was still Attorney-General of the State, and published in the papers at that time, which disposes of the assertion that he made no protest against the frauds of the ring which then controlled the government of South Carolina. It is a long letter, addressed to Colonel W. L. TRENHOLM, of Charleston, in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN not only exposes and denounces the situation, but proposes a remedy. He begins by a review of the circumstances under which reconstruction began, the whites holding aloof, the blacks inexperienced and ignorant, and mainly dependent upon leaders who had drifted into South Carolina from other States. He says that every sensible man must have seen that the elements which went to compose the dominant party were not such as produce public virtue or even long secure public order, and that at the time in which he wrote, three years after the new system went into effect, "incompetency, dishonesty, corruption in all its forms, have 'advanced their miscreated fronts,' have put to flight the small remnant that opposed them, and now rule the party which rules the State." "I am a Republican," he adds, "by habit, by conviction, by association; but my Republicanism is not, I trust, composed solely of equal parts of ignorance and rapacity." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN then proposes a system of minority representation which, properly applied in the cumulative form, would at once have given—what is now known as the tax-payers' interest—forty-seven members in the Lower House of the Legislature, against seventy-seven of the dominant party. Such a body, representing, as he says, character, intelligence, and property, would have been of the best influence. He then states the reforms which he deems indispensable, and among them an absolute prohibition of any further increase of the public debt except under the most stringent safeguards and conditions, a reduction of the public expenditure by two-thirds, and the immediate removal of incompetent and dishonest tax-collectors. The hope of the State, he says, lies solely in itself. The national government may repress crime, but permanent reform "can come only through ourselves."

As for his silence in the matter of the "conversion bonds," his friends state that the law imposed the duty of exchanging the outstanding bonds and stocks upon the Treasurer alone, and it was he alone who, without making the exchange, put them upon the New York market, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had no opportunity of knowing the fact sooner than any other member of the Republican party, nor was it his duty to know it. We state these things in justice to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. That Governor MOSES supports him is explained by the fact that he is a candidate for the Legislature, and knows that the colored vote, upon which he relies for his election, is generally faithful to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. But there is no doubt of the very bitter hostility to him upon the part of many who desire honest government, and who, although they are largely Democrats, have pledged themselves to support any candidate who is beyond suspicion. That they are in earnest is shown by their hearty adoption of Judge GREEN, who is a "civil rights" Republican, and stands upon the platform of the regular Republican Convention. Judge GREEN has not renounced his Republicanism in the least degree; and since the tax-payers are willing to support such a man, and proved it by waiting to see if the regular Republican Convention would not nominate some one of that kind, it was a fatal error to select a candidate who was one of the corrupt administration, and who, if really innocent, was covered with suspicion. There are undoubtedly many Democrats who would rather see the State ruined than peaceful and prosperous under a Republican administration. Such gentlemen are seriously disconcerted by the recent action of the Republican State Committee in selecting four respectable Democrats to act with four Republicans in equalizing the State taxes. But the more honest Democrats hail it as the sign of a better day which it is plain is now dawning in South Carolina.

A DEMOCRATIC SENATOR ON THE STUMP.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, recently made a speech at a Democratic meeting in Jersey City. In beginning he wisely said:

> "I shall not speak of financial questions—of that abominable legacy, rag money, which has doubled the cost of redeeming our debt."

This was extremely judicious, inasmuch as he was addressing a party which had just succeeded in Indiana by demanding more rag money.

Mr. BAYARD exclaimed:

> "What is your so-called Department of Justice—Heaven save the mark!—what is your Attorney-General? The chief of banditti, this year in Alabama, but next in New Jersey. Ships of war have been moored in your harbor, and United States soldiers landed in the streets of New York to enforce the laws of this party already."

We have seen United States soldiers landed in a State to enforce the laws of Mr. BAYARD's party; and they were not laws which protected liberty and defended the poor and friendless, but which seized innocent men fleeing for their liberty, and consigned women to torture and children to the shambles. Mr. BAYARD did not think the officer who executed those laws a chief of banditti. That epithet he reserves for officers who enforce laws which punish the most revolting murders.

Mr. BAYARD said:

> "Mr. ROSOCE CONKLING, his bosom friend, has told us we must choose between GRANT and a Democrat, and we will. Forgetting his caution, Mr. CONKLING announced GRANT for a third term in that sentence, and on that we have something to say. The victory we fight for to-day is that the votes in 1876 of electors for President may be honestly counted before a Democratic Congress."

Mr. CONKLING did not say what Mr. BAYARD imputes to him. Arguing for the continued ascendency of the Republican party, he asked whether, in view of the actual situation, its mission is ended, and whether "you would like to exchange GRANT for a Democrat," that is, GRANT as the representative of the party, but not at all implying that GRANT was the only Republican who could represent it. He did not say, as Mr. BAYARD states, that the choice lay between GRANT and a Democrat. In the concluding sentence, does Senator BAYARD mean to insinuate that the Presidential votes were ever dishonestly counted before a Republican Congress, or that the party which dishonestly counted in Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor of New York is more likely than the Republican honestly to count the votes for President?

Again Mr. BAYARD said:

> "I want New Jersey to give her answer to FRELINGHUYSEN. CHARLES SUMNER's mantle, somewhat too large for him, he imagined was on his shoulders, and he took up the law enacting social equality. If in any way it is passed, roll up the map of your State, blot out her fair name, and call her 'Grant-town,' or some other name of infamy, for you will then need no Legislature and no State government. Congress will do all for you. It proposes under this law to break up your system of hotels. A negro may be greasy, he may be impudent, he may be, as they sometimes are, fragrant, but if he goes to any hotel, and is refused equal accommodation, in a week he can collect $3000 under this bill. And yet you know how long a hotel will be patronized if he is admitted."

Mr. BAYARD does not carry enough guns to speak in a sneering tone of his colleague, Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN. And if a greasy, impudent, and fragrant white traveler may demand accommodation at an inn which is licensed by law, and a quiet, intelligent, respectable, and inoffensive citizen may be refused because of his color, it is because the law is unequal, and therefore unconstitutional.

In the peroration of Mr. BAYARD's extraordinary speech, which we have quoted from a Democratic paper, we find this remark:

> "Knowing the South as I do, I say here to-night that if I must choose between living at the South with the children I love and standing against yonder blank wall to be shot to death with musketry, I should thank God for the musketry."

Most men, we suppose, would prefer to live with the children they love even at the South; but of course this is not what Mr. BAYARD said. He said, probably, that he should prefer to be shot rather than to live in a State where equal rights are secured to all citizens without distinction of color. And in saying it—if that was his remark—he only showed how orthodox a Democrat he is.

But if, as is claimed, Mr. BAYARD is one of the most creditable representatives of his party in the country, is it a party which intelligent men wish to see restored to power?

HUMORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE innocent Louisville *Courier-Journal* gravely says:

> "In New York we see the union of Democrats and Liberal Republicans, made in '72, carried out and confirmed in the nomination of TILDEN and DORSHEIMER, to which the New York *Tribune* gives its support. If the ticket carries, we shall expect to see the astute, far-seeing, and efficient Governor FENTON returned to the Senate."

There has been nothing so comical as this since the theory of the civil war advanced by the same paper—that "the great body of the American people North and South" were "demagogued and dragooned into a senseless war over the negro."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATE advices from the Indian country are very encouraging. The Indians are said to be thoroughly demoralized, owing to the surrender of Satanta and other leading chiefs, and are fleeing to their agencies, leaving behind them every thing but their ponies, arms, and clothing. General Miles regards the campaign as a success.

The propeller *Brooklyn*, one of the Northern Transportation Company's steamers, exploded her boiler, October 22, in the river, twelve miles below Detroit. Fifteen of the passengers and crew are believed to have been lost.

George Q. Cannon, the Mormon leader and delegate to Congress, learning that the Grand Jury had indicted him for polygamy, surrendered himself to the United States Marshal October 21, and gave bail in $5000 to appear for trial.

Senator George F. Edmunds has been re-elected by the Vermont Legislature for a term of six years from the 4th of March next. In the Senate the vote was 28 to 1, and in the House 157 to 61.

Phelps, the defaulting State Treasurer, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary.

The official returns of the Ohio election give the Democrats a majority on Secretary of State of 17,202. The Democrats elected thirteen Congressmen and the Republicans seven.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NANA SAHIB, one of the leaders of the famous Sepoy rebellion of 1857 in India, has at last been captured, after years of hiding from the vengeance of the British government. When the mutiny broke out he was fully trusted by the English, who applied to him for a body of soldiers to guard the treasury at Cawnpore, which he immediately granted; but no sooner had the insurrection occurred at that place than he put himself at the head of the rebels, and killed all the Europeans that fell into his hands, among whom were two large parties, principally of women and children, who were endeavoring to escape down the Ganges from Futtehghur. The English at Cawnpore in the mean time defended themselves until June 27, when they surrendered, on the Nana promising to send them safe to Allahabad. They were permitted to embark, but immediately afterward fired upon, and many were killed and the rest brought back to land. The men were put to death at once; the women and children, after surviving horrible outrages, were massacred July 15, the day before Havelock arrived at Cawnpore, and their bodies were thrown into a well. Subsequently the Nana escaped, and in 1859 it was reported that he had died of fever, but no one believed the story, and the British government continued the search until they found him. He will be tried immediately at the place where he was captured.

Advices from the Argentine States to October 21 represent the condition of affairs at Buenos Ayres as very gloomy. The government troops were joining the insurgents in large numbers. The main body of the rebels, under General Mitre, were encamped outside the city, but both parties refrain from making an aggressive movement.

Thus far eighty-one of the French Councils General have chosen their Presidents. Of this number fifty-two are Conservatives, and twenty-nine Republicans, which is a Conservative gain of six.

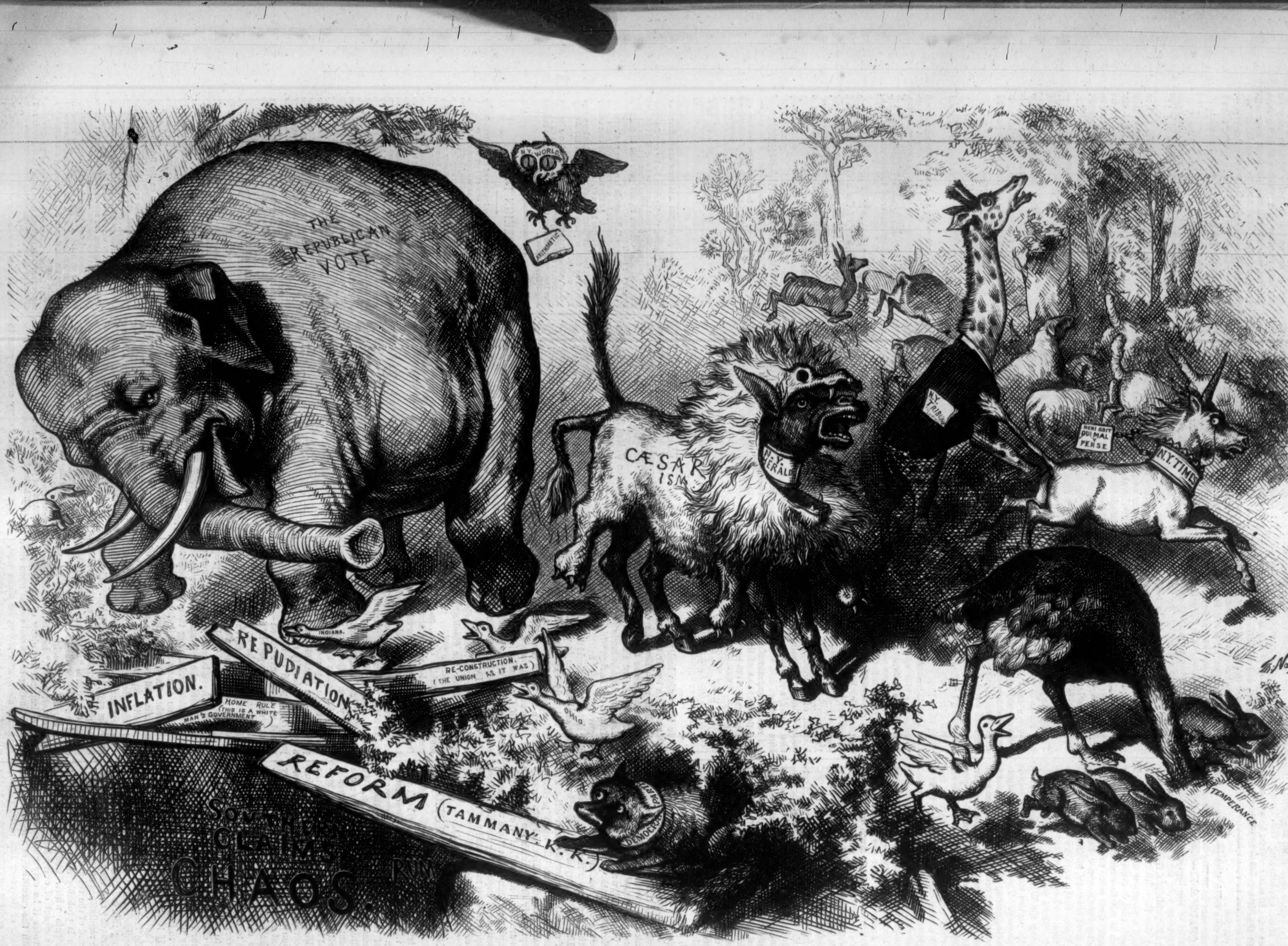
General Garibaldi has accepted the nomination as candidate for Parliament from Rome, on condition that he is to attend only when he thinks his presence necessary.

A disastrous gale occurred on the British coast on the night of October 20, resulting in great damage on sea and land and the loss of many lives. Among other casualties was the wreck of the steamer *Chusan* on the coast near Ardrossan. Seventeen of the crew perished. The brig *E. C. White* was lost off the Isle of Wight, and four of the crew were drowned.

Further changes are reported in the Carlist army. General Elio has assumed command of the forces, and General Menderi has taken a subordinate position. Both are with Don Carlos at Estella. It is reported that Don Alphonso, with 400 followers, has crossed the Ebro on his way to France, having abandoned the Carlist cause.

The London *Times* correspondent at Bombay estimates that 2000 persons were killed in the town and district of Midnapore during the recent cyclone.

The Pope, in receiving the Bishop of Verdun, October 24, said he trembled at the dangers menacing France. It was necessary that the Catholics should unite their forces to meet those threatened evils and oppose the enemies of the Church and society.



N.Y. WORLD
ARITHMETIC
THE REPUBLICAN VOTE
INDIANA
INFLATION.
REPUDIATION
RE-CONSTRUCTION. (THE UNION AS IT WAS)
HOME RULE (THIS IS A WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT)
OHIO.
REFORM (TAMMANY K.K.)
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
SOUTHERN CLAIMS
CHAOS.
RUM
CÆSARISM
N.Y. HERALD
N.Y. TRIBUNE
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
N.Y. TIMES
TEMPERANCE
Th. Nast

THE THIRD-TERM PANIC.

"An Ass, having put on the Lion's skin, roamed about in the Forest, and amused himself by frightening all the foolish Animals he met with in his wanderings."—Shakspeare or Bacon.

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part I.—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

THE SEARCH.

"PRAY don't let me disturb you," said Major Fitz-David. "I have only come here to ask you a question."

"What is it, major?"

"Have you met with any letters of mine in the course of your investigations?"

"I have found none yet," I answered. "If I do discover any letters, I shall, of course, not take the liberty of examining them."

"I wanted to speak to you about that," he rejoined. "It only struck me a moment since, up stairs, that my letters might embarrass you. In your place I should feel some distrust of any thing which I was not at liberty to examine. I think I can set this matter right, however, with very little trouble to either of us. It is no violation of any promises or pledges on my part if I simply tell you that my letters will not assist the discovery which you are trying to make. You can safely pass them over as objects that are not worth examining from your point of view. You understand me, I am sure?"

"I am much obliged to you, major—I quite understand."

"Are you feeling any fatigue?"

"None whatever, thank you."

"And you still hope to succeed? You are not beginning to be discouraged already?"

"I am not in the least discouraged. With your kind leave, I mean to persevere for some time yet."

I had not closed the drawer of the cabinet while we were talking, and I glanced carelessly, as I answered him, at the fragments of the broken vase. By this time he had got his feelings under perfect command. He too glanced at the fragments of the vase with an appearance of perfect indifference. I remembered the look of suspicion and surprise that had escaped him on entering the room, and I thought his indifference a little overacted.

"*That* doesn't look very encouraging," he said, with a smile, pointing to the shattered pieces of china in the drawer.

"Appearances are not always to be trusted," I replied. "The wisest thing I can do in my present situation is to suspect every thing, even down to a broken vase."

I looked hard at him as I spoke. He changed the subject.

"Does the music up stairs annoy you?" he asked.

"Not in the least, major."

"It will soon be over now. The singing-master is going, and the Italian master has just arrived. I am sparing no pains to make my young prima donna a most accomplished person. In learning to sing she must also learn the language which is especially the language of music. I shall perfect her in the accent when I take her to Italy. It is the height of my ambition to have her mistaken for an Italian when she sings in public. Is there any thing I can do before I leave you again? May I send you some more Champagne? Please say yes!"

"A thousand thanks, major. No more Champagne for the present."

He turned at the door to kiss his hand to me at parting. At the same moment I saw his eyes wander slyly toward the book-case. It was only for an instant. I had barely detected him before he was out of the room.

Left by myself again, I looked at the book-case, looked at it attentively for the first time.

It was a handsome piece of furniture in ancient carved oak, and it stood against the wall which ran parallel with the hall of the house. Excepting the space occupied in the upper corner of the room by the second door, which opened into the hall, the book-case filled the whole length of the wall down to the window. The top was ornamented by vases, candelabra, and statuettes, in pairs, placed in a row. Looking along the row, I noticed a vacant space on the top of the book-case at the extremity of it which was nearest to the window. The opposite extremity, nearest to the door, was occupied by a handsome painted vase of a very peculiar pattern. Where was the corresponding vase, which ought to have been placed at the corresponding extremity of the book-case? I returned to the open sixth drawer of the cabinet and looked in again. There was no mistaking the pattern on the fragments when I examined them now. The vase which had been broken was the vase which had stood in the place now vacant on the top of the book-case at the end nearest to the window.

Making this discovery, I took out the fragments, down to the smallest morsel of the shattered china, and examined them carefully one after another.

I was too ignorant of the subject to be able to estimate the value of the vase or the antiquity of the vase, or even to know whether it was of British or of foreign manufacture. The ground was of a delicate cream-color. The ornaments traced on this were wreaths of flowers and Cupids surrounding a medallion on either side of the vase. Upon the space within one of the medallions was painted with exquisite delicacy a woman's head, representing a nymph, or a goddess, or perhaps a portrait of some celebrated person—I was not learned enough to say which. The other medallion inclosed the head of a man, also treated in the classical style. Reclining shepherds and shepherdesses in Watteau costume, with their dogs and their sheep, formed the adornments of the pedestal. Such had the vase been in the days of its prosperity, when it stood on the top of the book-case. By what accident had it become broken? And why had Major Fitz-David's face changed when he found that I had discovered the remains of his shattered work of art in the cabinet drawer?

The remains left those serious questions unanswered—the remains told me absolutely nothing. And yet if my own observation of the major was to be trusted, the way to the clew of which I was in search lay, directly or indirectly, through the broken vase.

It was useless to pursue the question, knowing no more than I knew now. I returned to the book-case.

Thus far I had assumed (without any sufficient reason) that the clew of which I was in search must necessarily reveal itself through a written paper of some sort. It now occurred to me—after the movement which I had detected on the part of the major—that the clew might quite as probably present itself in the form of a book.

I looked along the lower rows of shelves, standing just near enough to them to read the titles on the backs of the volumes. I saw Voltaire in red morocco, Shakspeare in blue, Walter Scott in green, the *History of England* in brown, the *Annual Register* in yellow calf. There I paused, wearied and discouraged already by the long rows of volumes. How (I thought to myself) am I to examine all these books? And what am I to look for, even if I do examine them all?

Major Fitz-David had spoken of a terrible misfortune which had darkened my husband's past life. In what possible way could any trace of that misfortune, or any suggestive hint of something resembling it, exist in the archives of the *Annual Register* or in the pages of Voltaire? The bare idea of such a thing seemed absurd. The mere attempt to make a serious examination in this direction was surely a wanton waste of time.

And yet the major had certainly stolen a look at the book-case. And again, the broken vase had once stood on the book-case. Did these circumstances justify me in connecting the vase and the book-case as twin landmarks on the way that led to discovery? The question was not an easy one to decide on the spur of the moment.

I looked up at the higher shelves.

Here the collection of books exhibited a greater variety. The volumes were smaller, and were not so carefully arranged as on the lower shelves. Some were bound in cloth, some were only protected by paper covers; one or two had fallen, and lay flat on the shelves. Here and there I saw empty spaces from which books had been removed and not replaced. In short, there was no discouraging uniformity in these higher regions of the book-case. The untidy top shelves looked suggestive of some lucky accident which might unexpectedly lead the way to success. I decided, if I did examine the book-case at all, to begin at the top.

Where was the library ladder?

I had left it against the partition wall which divided the back-room from the room in front. Looking that way, I necessarily looked also toward the door that ran in grooves—the imperfectly closed door through which I had heard Major Fitz-David question his servant on the subject of my personal appearance when I first entered the house. No one had moved this door during the time of my visit. Every body entering or leaving the room had used the other door, which led into the hall.

At the moment when I looked round something stirred in the front-room. The movement let the light in suddenly through the small open space left by the partially closed door. Had somebody been watching me through the chink? I stepped softly to the door, and pushed it back until it was wide open. There was the major, discovered in the front-room! I saw it in his face—he had been watching me at the book-case!

His hat was in his hand. He was evidently going out; and he dextrously took advantage of that circumstance to give a plausible reason for being so near the door.

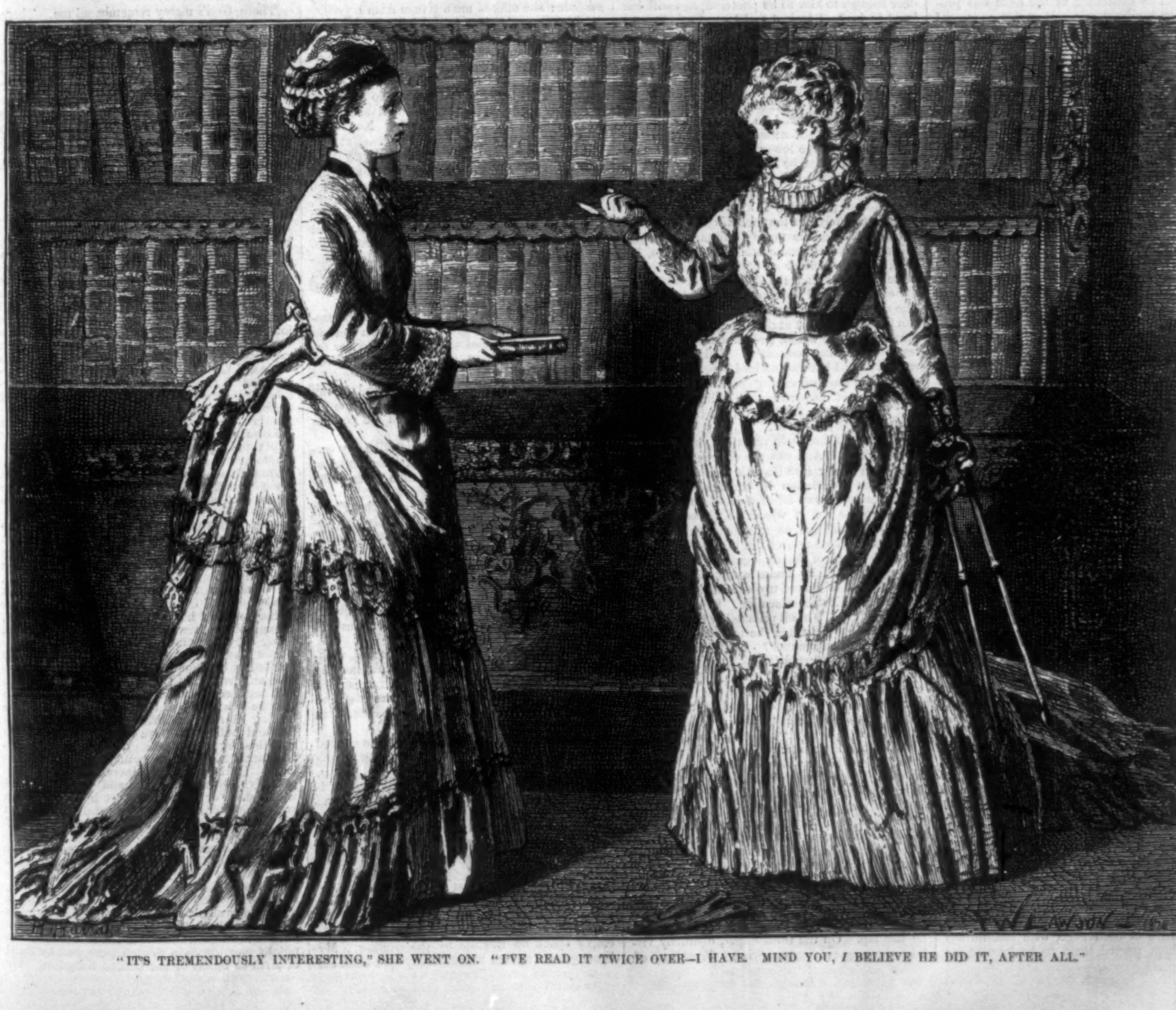
"I hope I didn't frighten you," he said.

"You startled me a little, major."

"I am so sorry, and so ashamed! I was just going to open the door, and tell you that I am obliged to go out. I have received a pressing message from a lady. A charming person—I should so like you to know her. She is in sad trouble, poor thing. Little bills, you know, and nasty trades-people who want their money, and a husband—oh, dear me, a husband who is quite unworthy of her! A most interesting creature. You remind me of her a little; you both have the same carriage of the head. I shall not be more than half an hour gone. Can I do any thing for you? You are looking fatigued. Pray let me send for some more Champagne! No? Promise to ring when you want it. That's right! *Au revoir*, my charming friend—*au revoir!*"

I pulled the door to again the moment his back was turned, and sat down for a while to compose myself.

He had been watching me at the book-case! The man who was in my husband's confidence,



"IT'S TREMENDOUSLY INTERESTING," SHE WENT ON. "I'VE READ IT TWICE OVER—I HAVE. MIND YOU, *I* BELIEVE HE DID IT, AFTER ALL."

the man who knew where the clew was to be found, had been watching me at the book-case! There was no doubt of it now. Major Fitz-David had shown me the hiding-place of the secret in spite of himself!

I looked with indifference at the other pieces of furniture, ranged against the fourth wall, which I had not examined yet. I surveyed, without the slightest feeling of curiosity, all the little elegant trifles scattered on the tables and on the chimney-piece, each one of which might have been an object of suspicion to me under other circumstances. Even the water-color drawings failed to interest me in my present frame of mind. I observed languidly that they were most of them portraits of ladies—fair idols, no doubt, of the major's facile adoration—and I cared to notice no more. *My* business in that room (I was certain of it now!) began and ended with the book-case. I left my seat to fetch the library ladder, determining to begin the work of investigation on the top shelves.

On my way to the ladder I passed one of the tables, and saw the keys lying on it which Major Fitz-David had left at my disposal.

The smaller of the two keys instantly reminded me of the cupboards under the book-case. I had strangely overlooked these. A vague distrust of the locked doors, a vague doubt of what they might be hiding from me, stole into my mind. I left the ladder in its place against the wall, and set myself to examine the contents of the cupboards first.

The cupboards were three in number. As I opened the first of them the singing up stairs ceased. For a moment there was something almost oppressive in the sudden change from noise to silence. I suppose my nerves must have been overwrought. The next sound in the house—nothing more remarkable than the creaking of a man's boots descending the stairs—made me shudder all over. The man was no doubt the singing-master, going away after giving his lesson. I heard the house door close on him, and started at the familiar sound as if it was something terrible which I had never heard before. Then there was silence again. I roused myself as well as I could, and began my examination of the first cupboard.

It was divided into two compartments.

The top compartment contained nothing but boxes of cigars, ranged in rows, one on another. The under compartment was devoted to a collection of shells. They were all huddled together anyhow, the major evidently setting a far higher value on his cigars than on his shells. I searched this lower compartment carefully for any object interesting to me which might be hidden in it. Nothing was to be found in any part of it besides the shells.

As I opened the second cupboard it struck me that the light was beginning to fail.

I looked at the window: it was hardly evening yet. The darkening of the light was produced by gathering clouds. Rain-drops pattered against the glass; the autumn wind whistled mournfully in the corners of the court-yard. I mended the fire before I renewed my search. My nerves were in fault again, I suppose. I shivered when I went back to the book-case. My hands trembled: I wondered what was the matter with me.

The second cupboard revealed (in the upper division of it) some really beautiful cameos—not mounted, but laid on cotton-wool in neat card-board trays. In one corner, half hidden under one of the trays, there peeped out the white leaves of a little manuscript. I pounced on it eagerly, only to meet with a new disappointment: the manuscript proved to be a descriptive catalogue of the cameos—nothing more!

Turning to the lower division of the cupboard, I found more costly curiosities in the shape of ivory carvings from Japan and specimens of rare silk from China. I began to feel weary of disinterring the major's treasures. The longer I searched, the farther I seemed to remove myself from the one object that I had it at heart to attain. After closing the door of the second cupboard, I almost doubted whether it would be worth my while to proceed farther and open the third and last door.

A little reflection convinced me that it would be as well, now that I had begun my examination of the lower regions of the book-case, to go on with it to the end. I opened the last cupboard.

On the upper shelf there appeared, in solitary grandeur, one object only—a gorgeously bound book.

It was of a larger size than usual, judging of it by comparison with the dimensions of modern volumes. The binding was of blue velvet, with clasps of silver worked in beautiful arabesque patterns, and with a lock of the same precious metal to protect the book from prying eyes. When I took it up, I found that the lock was not closed.

Had I any right to take advantage of this accident, and open the book? I have put the question since to some of my friends of both sexes. The women all agree that I was perfectly justified, considering the serious interests that I had at stake, in taking any advantage of any book in the major's house. The men differ from this view, and declare that I ought to have put back the volume in blue velvet, unopened, carefully guarding myself from any after-temptation to look at it again by locking the cupboard door. I dare say the men are right.

Being a woman, however, I opened the book without a moment's hesitation.

The leaves were of the finest vellum, with tastefully designed illuminations all round them. And what did these highly ornamental pages contain? To my unutterable amazement and disgust, they contained locks of hair, let neatly into the centre of each page, with inscriptions beneath, which proved them to be love-tokens from various ladies who had touched the major's susceptible heart at different periods of his life. The inscriptions were written in other languages besides English, but they appeared to be all equally devoted to the same curious purpose, namely, to reminding the major of the dates at which his various attachments had come to an untimely end. Thus the first page exhibited a lock of the lightest flaxen hair, with these lines beneath: "My adored Madeline. Eternal constancy. Alas, July 22, 1839!" The next page was adorned by a darker shade of hair, with a French inscription under it: "Clémence. Idole de mon âme. Toujours fidèle. Hélas, 2^{me} Avril, 1840." A lock of red hair followed, with a lamentation in Latin under it, a note being attached to the date of dissolution of partnership in this case stating that the lady was descended from the ancient Romans, and was therefore mourned appropriately in Latin by her devoted Fitz-David. More shades of hair and more inscriptions followed, until I was weary of looking at them. I put down the book, disgusted with the creatures who had assisted in filling it, and then took it up again, by an after-thought. Thus far I had thoroughly searched every thing that had presented itself to my notice. Agreeable or not agreeable, it was plainly of serious importance to my own interests to go on as I had begun, and thoroughly to search the book.

I turned over the pages until I came to the first blank leaf. Seeing that they were all blank leaves from this place to the end, I lifted the volume by the back, and, as a last measure of precaution, shook it so as to dislodge any loose papers or cards which might have escaped my notice between the leaves.

This time my patience was rewarded by a discovery which indescribably irritated and distressed me.

A small photograph, mounted on a card, fell out of the book. A first glance showed me that it represented the portraits of two persons.

One of the persons I recognized as my husband.

The other person was a woman.

Her face was entirely unknown to me. She was not young. The picture represented her seated on a chair, with my husband standing behind, and bending over her, holding one of her hands in his. The woman's face was hard-featured and ugly, with the marking lines of strong passions and resolute self-will plainly written on it. Still, ugly as she was, I felt a pang of jealousy as I noticed the familiarly affectionate action by which the artist (with the permission of his sitters, of course) had connected the two figures in a group. Eustace had briefly told me, in the days of our courtship, that he had more than once fancied himself to be in love before he met with me. Could this very unattractive woman have been one of the early objects of his admiration? Had she been near enough and dear enough to him to be photographed with her hand in his? I looked and looked at the portraits until I could endure them no longer. Women are strange creatures—mysteries even to themselves. I threw the photograph from me into a corner of the cupboard. I was savagely angry with my husband; I hated—yes, hated with all my heart and soul!—the woman who had got his hand in hers—the unknown woman with the self-willed, hard-featured face.

All this time the lower shelf of the cupboard was still waiting to be looked over.

I knelt down to examine it, eager to clear my mind, if I could, of the degrading jealousy that had got possession of me.

Unfortunately, the lower shelf contained nothing but relics of the major's military life, comprising his sword and pistols, his epaulets, his sash, and other minor accoutrements. None of these objects excited the slightest interest in me. My eyes wandered back to the upper shelf; and, like the fool I was (there is no milder word that can fitly describe me at that moment), I took the photograph out again, and enraged myself uselessly by another look at it. This time I observed, what I had not noticed before, that there were some lines of writing (in a woman's hand) at the back of the portraits. The lines ran thus:

"To Major Fitz-David, with two vases. From his friends, S. and E. M."

Was one of those two vases the vase that had been broken? And was the change that I had noticed in Major Fitz-David's face produced by some past association in connection with it, which in some way affected me? It might or might not be so. I was little disposed to indulge in speculation on this topic while the far more serious question of the initials confronted me on the back of the photograph.

"S. and E. M.?" Those last two letters might stand for the initials of my husband's name—his true name—Eustace Macallan. In this case the first letter ("S.") in all probability indicated *her* name. What right had she to associate herself with him in that manner? I considered a little—my memory exerted itself—I suddenly called to mind that Eustace had sisters. He had spoken of them more than once in the time before our marriage. Had I been mad enough to torture myself with jealousy of my husband's sister? It might well be so; "S." might stand for his sister's Christian name. I felt heartily ashamed of myself as this new view of the matter dawned on me. What a wrong I had done to them both in my thoughts! I turned the photograph, sadly and penitently, to examine the portraits again with a kinder and truer appreciation of them.

I naturally looked now for a family likeness between the two faces. There was no family likeness; on the contrary, they were as unlike each other in form and expression as faces could be. *Was* she his sister, after all? I looked at her hands, as represented in the portrait. Her right hand was clasped by Eustace; her left hand lay on her lap. On the third finger, distinctly visible, there was a wedding-ring. Were any of my husband's sisters married? I had myself asked him the question when he mentioned them to me, and I perfectly remembered that he had replied in the negative.

Was it possible that my first jealous instinct had led me to the right conclusion after all? If it had, what did the association of the three initial letters mean? What did the wedding-ring mean? Good Heavens! was I looking at the portrait of a rival in my husband's affections—and was that rival his Wife?

I threw the photograph from me with a cry of horror. For one terrible moment I felt as if my reason was giving way. I don't know what would have happened, or what I should have done next, if my love for Eustace had not taken the uppermost place among the contending emotions that tortured me. That faithful love steadied my brain. That faithful love roused the reviving influences of my better and nobler sense. Was the man whom I had enshrined in my heart of hearts capable of such base wickedness as the bare idea of his marriage to another woman implied? No! Mine was the baseness, mine the wickedness, in having even for a moment thought it of him!

I picked up the detestable photograph from the floor, and put it back in the book. I hastily closed the cupboard door, fetched the library ladder, and set it against the book-case. My one idea now was the idea of taking refuge in employment of any sort from my own thoughts. I felt the hateful suspicion that had degraded me coming back again in spite of my efforts to repel it. The books! the books! my only hope was to absorb myself, body and soul, in the books.

I had one foot on the ladder, when I heard the door of the room open—the door which communicated with the hall.

I looked round, expecting to see the major. I saw instead the major's future prima donna standing just inside the door, with her round eyes steadily fixed on me.

"I can stand a good deal," the girl began, coolly, "but I can't stand *this* any longer."

"What is it that you can't stand any longer?" I asked.

"If you have been here a minute, you have been here two good hours," she went on. "All by yourself in the major's study. I am of a jealous disposition—I am. And I want to know what it means." She advanced a few steps nearer to me, with a heightening color and a threatening look. "Is he going to bring *you* out on the stage?" she asked, sharply.

"Certainly not."

"He ain't in love with you, is he?"

Under other circumstances I might have told her to leave the room. In my position at that critical moment the mere presence of a human creature was a positive relief to me. Even this girl, with her coarse questions and her uncultivated manners, was a welcome intruder on my solitude: she offered me a refuge from myself.

"Your question is not very civilly put," I said. "However, I excuse you. You are probably not aware that I am a married woman."

"What has that got to do with it?" she retorted. "Married or single, it's all one to the major. That brazen-faced hussy who calls herself Lady Clarinda is married, and she sends him nosegays three times a week! Not that I care, mind you, about the old fool. But I've lost my situation at the railway, and I've got my own interests to look after, and I don't know what may happen if I let other women come between him and me. That's where the shoe pinches, don't you see? I'm not easy in my mind when I see him leaving you mistress here to do just what you like. No offense! I speak out—I do. I want to know what you are about all by yourself in this room? How did you pick up with the major? I never heard him speak of you before to-day."

Under all the surface selfishness and coarseness of this strange girl there was a certain frankness and freedom which pleaded in her favor—to my mind, at any rate. I answered frankly and freely on my side.

"Major Fitz-David is an old friend of my husband's," I said, "and he is kind to me for my husband's sake. He has given me permission to look in this room—"

I stopped, at a loss how to describe my employment in terms which should tell her nothing, and which should at the same time successfully set her distrust of me at rest.

"To look about in this room—for what?" she asked. Her eye fell on the library ladder, beside which I was still standing. "For a book?" she resumed.

"Yes," I said, taking the hint. "For a book."

"Haven't you found it yet?"

"No."

She looked hard at me, undisguisedly considering with herself whether I was or was not speaking the truth.

"You seem to be a good sort," she said, making up her mind at last. "There's nothing stuck up about you. I'll help you if I can. I have rummaged among the books here over and over again, and I know more about them than you do. What book do you want?"

As she put that awkward question she noticed for the first time Lady Clarinda's nosegay lying on the side-table where the major had left it. Instantly forgetting me and my book, this curious girl pounced like a fury on the flowers, and actually trampled them under her feet!

"There!" she cried. "If I had Lady Clarinda here I'd serve her in the same way."

"What will the major say?" I asked.

"What do I care? Do you suppose I'm afraid of *him?* Only last week I broke one of his fine gimcracks up there, and all through Lady Clarinda and her flowers!"

She pointed to the top of the book-case—to the empty space on it close by the window. My heart gave a sudden bound as my eyes took the direction indicated by her finger. *She* had broken the vase! Was the way to discovery about to reveal itself to me through this girl? Not a word would pass my lips; I could only look at her.

"Yes!" she said. "The thing stood there. He knows how I hate her flowers, and he put her nosegay in the vase out of my way. There was a woman's face painted on the china, and he told me it was the living image of *her* face. It was no more like her than I am. I was in such a rage that I up with the book I was reading at the time and shied it at the painted face. Over the vase went, bless your heart, crash to the floor. Stop a bit! I wonder whether *that's* the book you have been looking after? Are you like me? Do you like reading Trials?"

Trials? Had I heard her aright? Yes: she had said Trials.

I answered by an affirmative motion of my head. I was still speechless. The girl sauntered in her cool way to the fire-place, and taking up the tongs, returned with them to the book-case.

"Here's where the book fell," she said—"in the space between the book-case and the wall. I'll have it out in no time."

I waited without moving a muscle, without uttering a word.

She approached me with the tongs in one hand, and with a plainly bound volume in the other.

"Is that the book?" she said. "Open it, and see."

I took the book from her.

"It's tremendously interesting," she went on. "I've read it twice over—I have. Mind you, *I* believe he did it, after all."

Did it? Did what? What was she talking about? I tried to put the question to her. I struggled—quite vainly—to say only these words: "What are you talking about?"

She seemed to lose all patience with me. She snatched the book out of my hand, and opened it before me on the table by which we were standing side by side.

"I declare you're as helpless as a baby!" she said, contemptuously. "There! *Is* that the book?"

I read the first lines on the title-page:

A COMPLETE REPORT OF
THE TRIAL OF
EUSTACE MACALLAN.

I stopped and looked up at her. She started back from me with a scream of terror. I looked down again at the title-page, and read the next lines:

FOR THE ALLEGED POISONING
OF
HIS WIFE.

There, God's mercy remembered me. There, the black blank of a swoon swallowed me up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

Earl Dufferin, who has been having a very pleasant time in a very quiet way in this city during the past ten days, is to be statued. Mr. Millmore, brother of the artist, Martin Millmore, now in Rome, has closed a contract with a committee representing the citizens of Montreal for the execution of a life-size statue of the Governor-General, the price being $10,000. In the peerage of Great Britain he is the Right Hon. Frederick Temple Blackwood, K.C.B., and is the only son of Price, fourth Lord Dufferin, by Helen Selina, daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan. He was born in 1826, and educated at Eton and Oxford. After some pleasant life at court, and writing an agreeable book, *Letters from High Latitudes* (1860), he was sent by Lord Palmerston as British Commissioner to Syria for the purpose of prosecuting inquiries into the massacre of the Christians there, in which capacity he acted with great firmness, and was made a K.C.B. for his services. He was Under-Secretary for India in 1864–66, and Under-Secretary of War in 1866. In 1868 he was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Paymaster-General, which offices he still holds. In 1862 he married Harriet, daughter of the late Captain Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, by whom he has several children. He is the brightest and ablest Governor-General sent to Canada since Lord Elgin, and is regarded as one whose future is to be among the leaders in British politics.

—Mr. Hepworth Dixon was caught up into the clouds on Saturday evening, October 17, at the Lotos Club, and given the usual handsome dinner reception accorded to literary gentlemen from abroad. And he made a spunky speech, defending himself from the criticisms of certain newspapers which had spoken sharply of one of the books of his younger days. Mr. Dixon, though old in literature, is not very old in years, being only fifty-three. His first literary work was a five-act tragedy, which was privately printed by his friends. In 1846 he went to London, and from that time to the present his pen has been actively employed. From 1853 to 1869 he was editor of the *Athenæum*, one of the leading literary authorities of England. Politics and public life have divided his attention with history and travel. When at home he is constantly addressing meetings on public questions. He is a strong Liberal, but with conservative views on religion and the Church of England. For four years past he has been an active member of the London School Board, and has identified his name with the new system of training and drill.

—Lord Roseberry's recent address before the Social Science Congress at Glasgow has sent his name ringing throughout the United Kingdom as one of the most progressive, most capable, and most unpretending of the nobility. He has inherited an ancient name, lofty rank, and a great estate. He is Earl of Roseberry, Lord Lieutenant of Linlithgow, and sits in the House of Lords not by election as a Scotch peer, but by right of birth as Baron of the United Kingdom. He is Lord of Dalmeny Park, of Roseberry, in the County of Edinburgh, of Warrenwood, in Hertfordshire, and of sixty thousand a year; he is twenty-seven, unmarried, and one of the most popular young men in the kingdom; is a bookish man, and a man of the world; goes much to the theatre, and is one of the hardest-working men on the committees in the House of Lords; breeds horses for the Derby, and delivers lectures and addresses on the driest matters of political economy and social science; writes witty verses to witty Samuel Ward, and has probably seen more of every shade of life than any man of his order. He is a source of worry and anxiety to the old men in the Lords, but, should he outlive them, will be sure to make his mark in the public affairs of his country.

—President Grant paid a graceful tribute to his predecessor at the dedication of the Lincoln monument a few days since at Springfield, Illinois, by saying, "In his death the nation lost its greatest hero."

—In his lecture on the *Kings of Business* Mr. Parton says that the care of $40,000,000 and the management of all his railroads only occupy Mr. Vanderbilt two hours a day, and during that short time he does not appear to be busy. By three o'clock he is usually on the road, erect, driving a pair of fast horses, in an open wagon, unattended.

—Lord Lyons is said to have remarked in his quiet way that as a money-making profession diplomacy could hardly be called a success; but there were compensations: one did get a great many excellent dinners.

—The state prison at Sheffield Manor, in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined, has been restored to its original condition by order of the Duke of Norfolk. The building has been used for many years as a farm-house.

—Garibaldi's history of his campaign with the thousand, recently published by subscription in Italy, is said to have yielded him a profit of 12,000 francs, which would not be regarded as truly grand in this country.

—Count Moltke believes that the introduction of breech-loaders has demoralized all the armies in Europe except the German and English. His view of the case seems to have relation to the fact that the rapid consumption of ammunition soon leaves the cartridge-boxes empty, and the troops of the two nations named are the only ones that can be kept quiet in such circumstances.

—Speaking of the habits of General Butler, a Washington man says: "He is one of the most methodical men living. Every letter he receives he personally supervises and pigeon-holes. After becoming acquainted with its contents he dictates a reply to his phonographic secretary, who briefs the contents of the letter and the general's reply in short-hand on the back. The general understands phonography perfectly, and can thus refer at a moment's notice to any letter he has received and the precise reply given to it.

—Why is it that Mr. Hastings, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, should permit such things to be written by his subordinates and published as the following? "Our last minister to Russia, Mr. Jewell, having hailed from the land of wood nutmegs, why would not Meigs, as the President suggests, be a good man to succeed him?"

—Edward Sweetapple is the fruity name of the foreman in the mill where the paper is made on which the Philadelphia *Ledger* is printed. It is no child's play to fill the position. He employs no one who is not sound at the core, and permits no apple-saucy remarks from the craftsmen.

—Mr. Bailey, the clever editor of the Danbury *News*, has recently returned from a scrutinizing journey through the worm-eaten monarchies of Europe, and wherever he went he ferreted out things about newspapers. He thinks that "they are rather slow concerns, are the London dailies. They crowd their advertisers into repulsive limits; they mix up their matter without any regard to classification; they publish but a beggarly handful of American news; they report in full the most insignificant speeches; they don't seem to realize that there is such an attraction as condensed news paragraphs; they issue no Sunday paper, and but one or two have a weekly; they ignore agriculture and science, personals and gossip; they carefully exclude all humor and head-lines, and come to their readers every week-day a sombre and mournful spectacle that is most exasperating to behold."

—The Emperor of Austria has approved the appointment of two non-Jesuit priests as Professors of the Theological Faculty at Innsprück. Hitherto, it is stated, these posts have been exclusively filled by Jesuits.

—Mr. M'Masters, of the *Freeman's Journal*, a leading Roman Catholic journal, says that General Sherman is not a Catholic, but when he courted Miss Ewing he was required, before Father Ryder could marry them, to promise as an officer and a gentleman that he would never interfere with his wife in the practice of her religion, and that her children should be brought up as Catholics. The general simply assented to the arrangement, otherwise the matter would not have gone on.

—Miss Neilson is delighting theatre-goers by her personations of the lighter heroines of Shakspeare. Her Beatrice, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, her Juliet, and Rosalind, are performances so graceful and beautiful that it is not surprising they should be witnessed by audiences who are quick to appreciate and prompt to applaud her merit. The Lyceum Theatre is nightly crowded with such audiences.

—Mlle. Albani, who made her first appearance in America in opera on Wednesday evening, October 21, achieved a success more complete than has ever hitherto been won by any prima donna of American birth. Not only the critics—the men who, according to Bulwer, "fail in literature and art"—pronounce her an artiste of the very highest order, but the people who go to the opera indulged in a great rave over her, and by patting of hands and hearty "vivas" testified to a fresh delight and to a lively stirring up of enthusiasm. It would be superfluous to reiterate the universal encomiums of the press. Suffice it to say that Mr. Strakosch is entitled to general thanks for having been so prompt to appreciate the genius and talent of the new singer, and for having secured her as the bright particular star of his musical firmament.

—It is now over thirty-nine years since Charlotte Saunders Cushman first aspired to fame on the stage. This was in Boston, in April, 1835, at the Tremont Theatre, where she assumed the character of the Countess, in the *Marriage of Figaro*, with great applause, encouraged thereto by Mrs. Wood, the most celebrated singer of English opera of her time, who pronounced her voice to be the finest contralto she had ever heard. In endeavoring to convert her voice into a soprano she lost it for operatic purposes, and at once prepared herself for the drama. In this she was entirely successful, and from that day to the present has been the most conspicuous female figure on the American stage. Soon after Mr. Boucicault's play of *London Assurance* was first performed in this country Miss Cushman and her sister Susan appeared in it, and gave it a run of upward of ninety nights. In 1844 she accompanied Mr. Macready on a professional tour through the Northern States, and in the year following went to England, where she took the highest rank and honors of the profession. That rank she has maintained ever since. Miss Cushman is now playing her farewell engagement in this city. In her range of characters—the highest range—she has no peer, and those who have not heard her, if there be such, should not fail to witness her remarkable personations.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The most important memoir in respect to the laws of American storms that has ever been published was recently presented by Professor Loomis, of Yale College, to the National Academy of Science, and has lately been published in a revised edition. The results arrived at by Professor Loomis were derived from an examination of the United States weather maps, as issued from the Army Signal-office. Among the results attained by him, he states that the greatest daily velocity with which storm centres move along the earth's surface is found in February, the lowest in August. The average direction of the storm paths is more northerly in October than in July. Very rarely do storms travel in a west or northwest direction. Among the disturbing causes affecting the direction of the movement of a storm centre, he states that there must be a connection between it and the fall of rain (as has been established by numerous other investigators), and finds with reference to American storms, as an exact result, the following general law: that the average velocity of the storm progress is about thirty-nine miles per hour when the extent of rain area is 600 miles in advance of the storm, but its velocity is fourteen miles per hour when the rain area extends 350 miles in advance of the storm. The average course of the storm paths coincides very closely with the axis of the area over which rain falls during the preceding eight hours; the stronger the wind on the west side of a storm, the less is the velocity of the storm progress. At the height of 6000 feet, in the western quadrant of a storm, the velocity of the wind is more than double the rate of the storm's progress. The isobars inclosing the storm's centre in more than half the cases examined by him were elliptical, the major axes being half as long again as the minor axes. In a small number of storms the major axis was at least four times the minor. The longer axis most frequently lies in a direction bearing about forty degrees east.

According to a recent investigation, the sea-water found in different parts of the Suez Canal has proved to be excessively salt as compared with that of the Mediterranean. Thus while the latter leaves on evaporation about forty kilos of salt matter per cubic meter, the canal yields seventy-five kilos. It is supposed that this excess of salt is derived from the dissolving of salt in the beds along the banks of the Bitter River. At Port Said, where the water is freshened by the Nile, it does not yield a residue of more than twenty-five kilos to the cubic meter. It would be an interesting question to determine whether any fish, and, if any, what species, inhabit the most salt portions of the canal.

A paper was read at the Hartford meeting of the American Association by Professor Packard upon the cave fauna of the United States, which embraced the results of an examination upon which he has been recently engaged. These exhibit a uniformity in the distribution of cave life throughout the entire region of the West much greater than might have been expected.

Of plant life three forms of low fungoid growths occurred in the Mammoth and other caves on old pieces of stick, but not in sufficient abundance to form a basis for the animal life of the caves, which was nearly all carnivorous, except in the case of the poduras and snails, which probably thrived on the decaying fragments of wood artificially introduced into the caves.

Professor Packard was not able to determine what constituted the food of the most abundant insect of the caves—the wingless grasshopper. Of *Protozoa* six forms were found in water taken from Willie's Spring, about half a mile from the mouth of Mammoth Cave. Two species of *Helix* and one of *Pupa* were seen, although both may have been introduced by man. A Planarian worm was met with about a quarter of an inch long. The common earth-worm occurs in all the caves. Blind craw-fish, spiders, beetles, etc., and fishes were among the animals observed. These researches of Dr. Packard, in addition to those previously detected, bring the number of cave species up to about one hundred.

The superb mineralogical cabinet of Dr. Lewis Feuchtwanger, of this city, is offered for sale by him, and will undoubtedly constitute a valuable acquisition to any public institution, in view of the large size and great beauty of the specimens as a whole. The collection is said to embrace 2000 specimens and 1200 varieties. A special feature consists in the rich collection of gems, gathered by Dr. Feuchtwanger to illustrate a work published by him on this subject.

Professor Cox gives an interesting account of an ancient stone fort in Indiana, in which a break in the natural wall of an ancient fortification was protected by an artificial wall seventy-five feet in height, made by laying up loose stone, mason fashion, but without mortar. The base for sixty-five feet in height follows the slope of the hills, and then rises ten feet vertically. Around the southern terminus of the point there is an artificial stone wall ten feet high, connecting the two natural walls, of Niagara limestone, and forming a complete barrier to the approach of foes. Numerous mounds of earth occur inside the wall, and within the line of these there is dug a ditch four feet deep and twenty feet wide, which receives the drainage from the crown of the hill. This interesting prehistoric work is situated fourteen miles above the falls of the Ohio River, in Clark County, Indiana.

On the formation of icebergs, G. C. Laube, of the German polar expedition, writes as follows: There are certain glaciers that occur on the east coast of Greenland which have received the very well merited name of Puisootok. This Greenland word indicates places where the ice breaks up out of the sea, or where a glacier pushes its ice along under the surface of the sea until its advanced portions, being broken off, rise to the surface as icebergs. These glaciers are all distinguished by very great broadness and a very gentle angle of descent. Icebergs are found in their neighborhood such as never occur in West Greenland, wedge-shaped or rounded, with steep edges. They are at the upper ends pointed and dome-shaped, very dense, and rising, according to accurate measurements, to a height of 200 feet above the surface of the water, with a correspondingly great circumference. This kind of iceberg is very distinct from the cracked and jagged ones that are formed from the abruptly ending glaciers, and equally distinguished from those that are formed from flat glaciers, whose strata project over the water. Laube thinks that those grand glaciers which shove in front of them icebergs having heights of six to eight hundred feet, measured from the bottom, have not been formed in the same way as those which are broken off from an ice sheet one or two hundred feet thick, but that the glaciers which originate the great icebergs have almost entirely the character of the great glaciers that covered Norway during the glacial epoch and scraped out the fiords, and that they, by reason of their great dimensions, must necessarily have been shoved out under the surface of the sea.

Advices from Mr. W. H. Dall have been received up to the 14th of July, reporting very successful work on the United States coast with the schooner *Yukon* during the present season.

It may be remembered that Mr. Dall is engaged, under the direction of the Coast Survey, in making a coast pilot, and otherwise carrying out the objects of that establishment; and his work this year, which has been carried on in fourteen different ports, involved the making of 2600 astronomical observations, 1700 soundings, and a number of reconnaissance charts. The incidental collections in natural history have also been satisfactory, and with what has been gathered heretofore will probably constitute an almost exhaustive material for the determination of the marine zoology of that part of the world. An interesting collection of tertiary fossils was also made.

The points explored already during the season are as follows: Sitka, Lituya Bay, Dry Bay, Port Mulgrave, Middleton Island, Port Etches, Kodiak, Chiquih Bay, Chirikoff Island, Semidi Islands, Chiachi Islands, Northeast Shumaginis, Sounakh, Oonalaska.

The organization of an expedition to the Amu-Darya has been finally decided upon by the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg. This is to be under the command of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Nicolas and of Colonel Stolotow. It will consist of twenty-six persons, and be divided into four sections, namely, geodesy and topography, meteorology, ethnography and statistics, and natural history. It is also stated that a second expedition, to which the government has made a grant of ten thousand rubles, will have for its mission the determining of the geodesy of the region between the Caspian Sea and Lake Aral. A third expedition, already referred to, under Middendorf, has for its object the exploration of the Ustjast, of the delta of the Amoor, and of the ancient course of the Oxus.

In the same connection it may be stated that at the request of the society the Russian government proposes shortly to enter upon a complete scientific exploration and survey of the whole of Siberia, the nominal object being the acquisition of information looking toward the construction of various lines of railways.

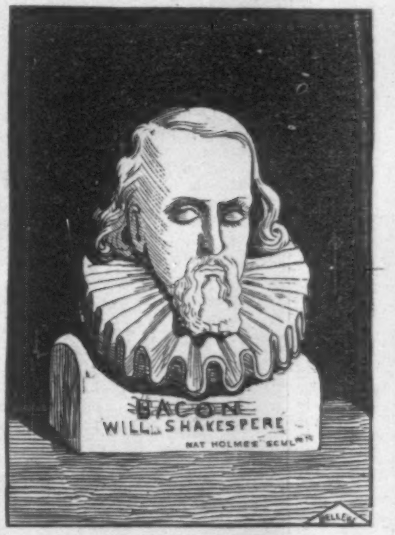
Quite an extensive expedition has been going on in Colorado during the past summer, under the direction of Professor O. N. Stoddard, of Wooster University, having for its object the collection of specimens for that institution and for some others, the representatives of which were in the party. The collections consisted principally of minerals, especially the gold and silver ores of the country, as well as various rocks and fossil remains. Professor Boyd, the botanist of the expedition, obtained between six and seven hundred species of plants, while Professor S. L. Bell, the zoologist, gathered a corresponding collection of animals.

The Academy of Sciences of Berlin has offered a prize of $200, payable July, 1876, for the best essay recording experiments as to whether changes in the hardness and friability of steel are due to chemical or physical causes, or both. Papers, in German, Latin, English, or French, are to be sent in before March, 1876.

Mr. Klippart, of Ohio, at the recent Hartford meeting of the American Association, gave the details of his discovery of a large number of skeletons of the fossil hog of America, to which brief reference had been previously made by Professor Newberry, in his report on the geology of Ohio. These were found while digging the Artesian well of the city of Columbus, and were obtained at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet. Several skeletons were complete, and the whole series is one that furnishes the means heretofore wanting for determining the entire osteology of the animal. This hog is the *Platigonus compressus* of Le Conte, and is closely allied to the peccary, although with a longer and very slender snout.

Among the recent publications in systematic botany should be mentioned the long-delayed report by Dr. Torrey upon the collection made in California and the Columbia Valley by the Wilkes exploring expedition. This was prepared long ago, and a set of superior steel engravings designed to accompany it were printed and partially distributed. The text is now added, under the care of Dr. Gray, but with few changes in the original matter. Though much that was new is no longer so, the report will be of value as giving the latest views of Dr. Torrey upon many botanical points of interest. Dr. Gray has also given, in the Proceedings of the American Academy, the conclusion of his former communication upon *Compositæ*, chiefly Californian. It contains revisions of *Hemizonia*, *Helenium*, *Microseris*, *Malacothrix*, and several other genera. In the same proceedings appears a monograph, by Sereno Watson, of the North American *Chenopodiaceæ*, an order largely represented in the region west of the Rocky Mountains. An earlier article by Dr. W. G. Farlow should have been sooner noticed, in which he details the instance of the growth of a fern directly from the spore, without the ordinary preliminary development of sexual organs and fertilization by spermatozoids. This is a unique example of what may apparently be considered parthenogenesis in plants, a few only partially proved cases of which have before been noticed in some phenogamous species.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



A COUNTERFEIT BILL.

Warned beforehand.—Richardson, the painter, used to speak of an open, honest, country gentleman who one day asked him to come to his house, adding: "I wish very much to see you, for I have just purchased a picture by Rubens. It is a rare good one. Brown saw it, and says it is a copy. A copy! If any man living dares to say it is a copy, I will break every bone in his skin! Pray call on me and give me your opinion."

A Temperance Paradise.—Here is the list of drinks offered at the bar of a Pennsylvania temperance house: "Soda-water, Congress water, Lehigh water, Bushkill water, Delaware water, spring water, eye-water, rose-water, salt-water, cucumber-pump water, rain-water, court-house-roof water, jail-roof water, and water."

A Methodist parson, called to preach at an out-of-the-way town in California, was informed before entering the pulpit that he must be careful, as many of the assembled congregation were "roughs," and would not hesitate to disturb him if his remarks didn't suit. The holy man made no reply, but having reached the desk he took from his pockets two revolvers, and placing one on each side of the Bible gave a sharp glance around the room and said, "Let us pray." A more orderly service was never conducted.

Women do not talk more than men; they are listened to more, that's all.

A man being interrogated on a trial, spoke several words with much impropriety; and at last saying the word *curosity*, a counselor exclaimed, "How that fellow murders the English language!" "Nay," returned another, "he has only knocked an *I* out."

A Mississippi boatman with immense feet, stopping at a public-house on the levee, asked the porter for a boot-jack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows: "No jack here big nuff for dem feets. Jackass couldn't pull 'em off, massa, widout fraktring de leg. Yuse better go back about tree miles to de forks in de road an' pull 'em off dar."

The other day a Saratoga clergyman asked a stupid fellow who was digging by the road-side if he could tell him where Mr. J—— lived. "Wa'al, no," was the reply; "but ef you'll ask the chap what keeps the simmetary, *he* kin tell you, 'cause he knows where every body lives, whether they're dead or alive."

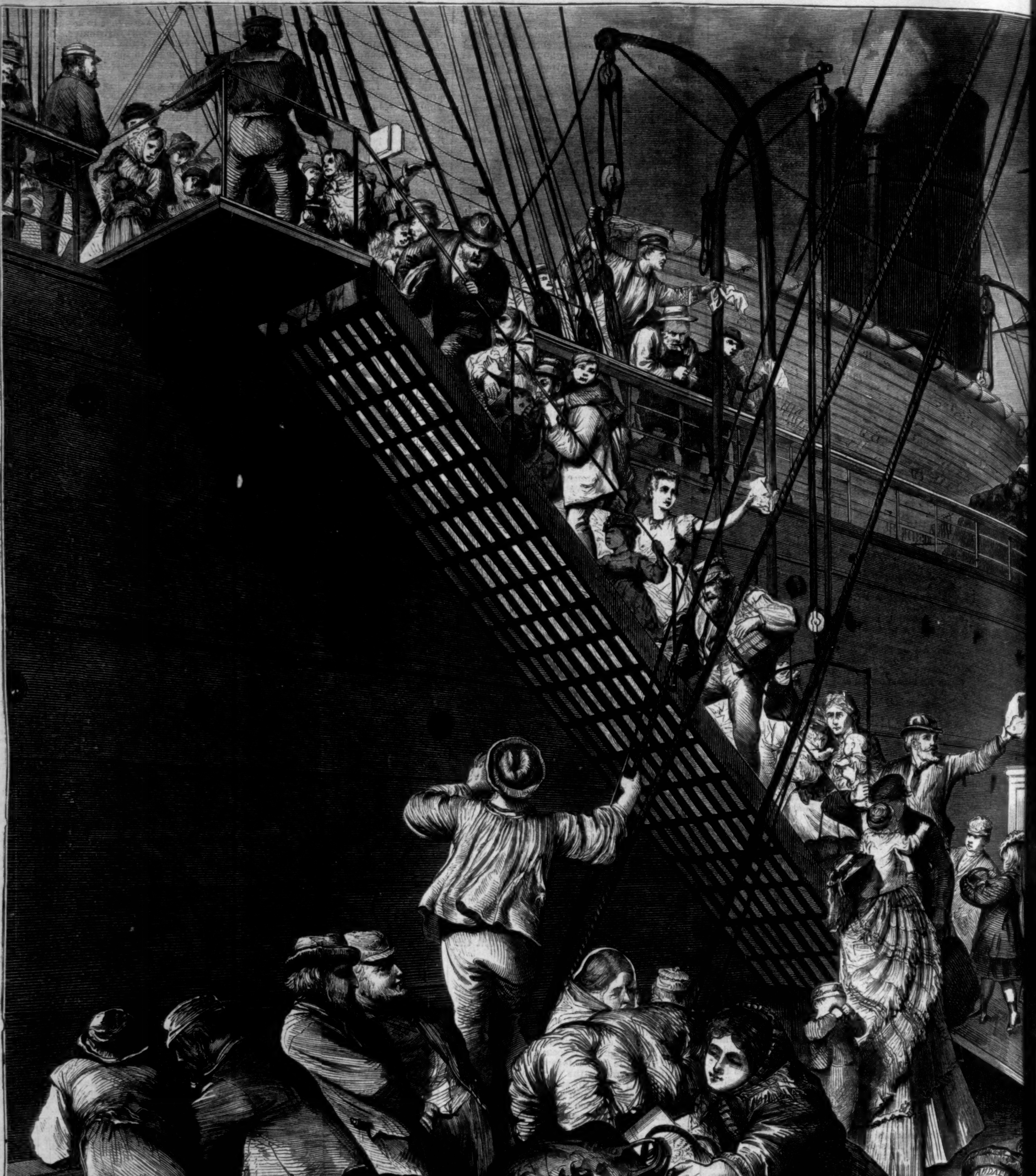
A lady who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic was astounded by his running in and propounding the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.

An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar factory, as both refine what is already sweet.

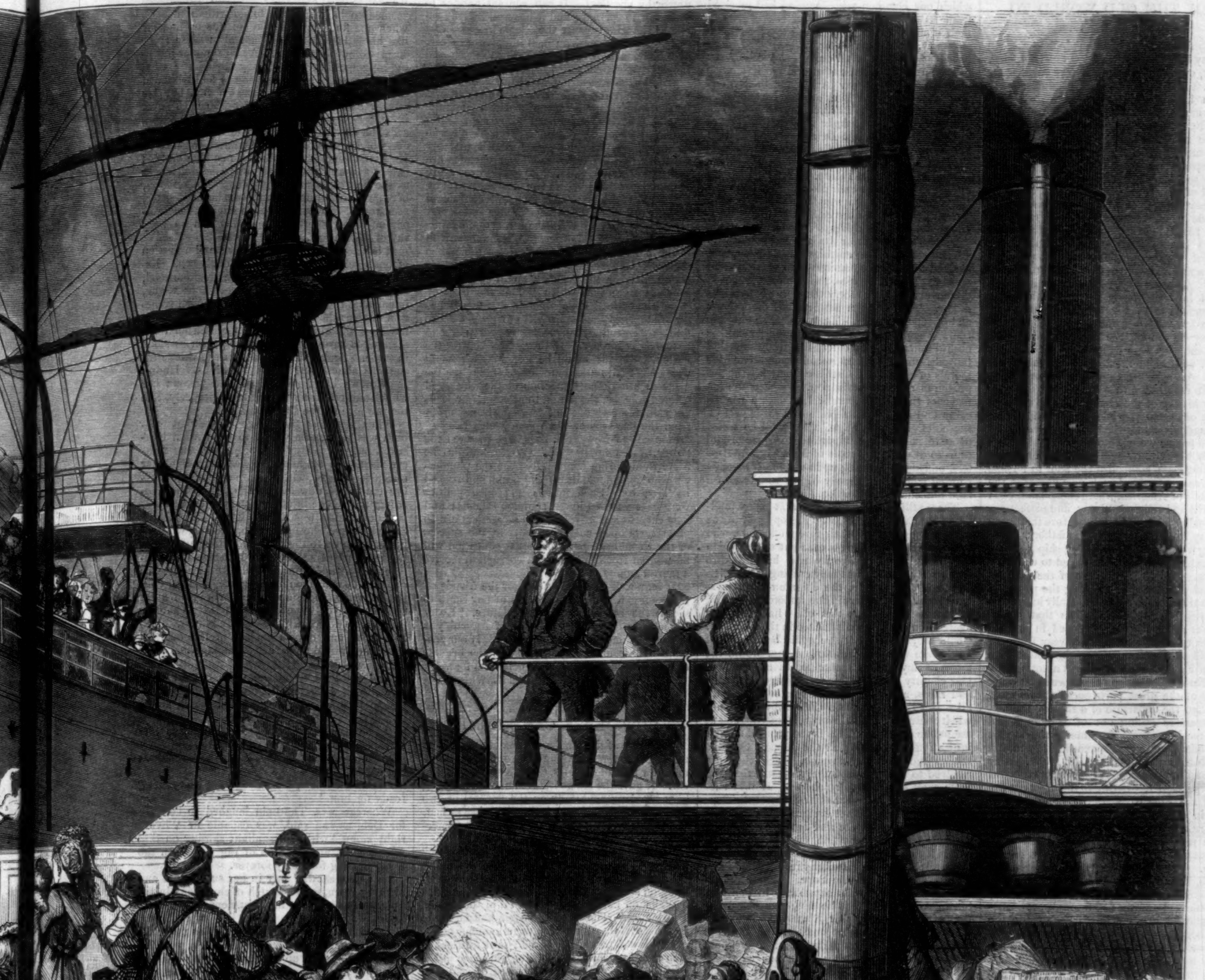
An Irishman found a government blanket recently, and rolling it up under his arm, walked off, saying, "Yis, that's moine—U for Patrick and S for M'Carty. Be me sowl, but this larnin's a foine thing, as me fayther would say, for if I hadn't any education I wouldn't have been after findin' me blanket."

A witness, in describing certain events, said, "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

Children are very apt to think a great deal more of an illustration than of the truth it was intended to illustrate. A teacher once endeavored to illustrate faith thus: "Children, if I should tell you that one day I saw a monkey climbing a liberty-pole, would you believe it?" "Yes, Sir," unanimously. "Well, that is faith; you believe me because I say it, and you feel sure that I would not tell an untruth." The next day the question was asked of the same children, "What is faith?" "A monkey climbing a liberty-pole," answered a quick little boy.



FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW WORLD—GERMAN EMIGRANTS F[illegible] NE



NEW YORK EMBARKING ON A HAMBURG STEAMER.—[See Page 918.]

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

OUR double-page illustration depicts a scene which may be witnessed at the port of Hamburg, Germany, on the departure of every steamer for America. Hundreds of people of almost every condition in life—the poor peasant, who can scrape together just money enough to pay his fare to New York, the well-to-do farmer, the clerk, the merchant, the banker, the pleasure tourist—meet in the crowd that fills the deck of the capacious steamer that for the next two weeks is to be their home. They make a little world of their own, an epitome of the great world they leave behind. Sharp distinctions still divide them. First and second class and steerage passengers live apart, each class in its own part of the great steamer. But if one could cast the horoscope of each passenger, what strange and startling changes might be foretold! The poor peasant in the steerage, who will land at Castle Garden with barely enough money to take him to the great West, may in a few years become an affluent farmer; there may be among the now undistinguished crowd some men who will rise to honor at the bar or in politics in the New World which receives all with open arms and equal opportunities.

German emigration to America dates back to the early history of the republic. The unhappy condition of Germany while it was divided into petty kingdoms and principalities, in each of which the people were ground down and impoverished by the tyranny and oppressive exactions of the ruling class, compelled the poor to forsake their native country and seek new homes in the free republic of America, where cheap land, good wages, civil and religious liberty, and perfect political equality made the bright picture that lured them away from the land of their fathers. The beginning was small. One sailing ship a month from Hamburg and Bremen sufficed to carry the emigrants. But as intelligence of the land of refuge and promise spread among the people at home the tide of emigration gradually increased, until it reached such proportions that now a whole fleet of steamers is employed in bearing thousands upon thousands every year from the Old World to the New. Once the sailing of a ship from Europe to America was a noteworthy event. Now the sailing of an ocean steamer from one of the great ports occasions no more remark than the departure of a railway train.

The steamers sailing out of Hamburg and Bremen for New York are among the largest and best afloat, and bear an excellent reputation for elegance, comfort, safety, and speed. Our illustration shows the passengers going on board a Hamburg steamer. Owing to the shoals at the mouth of the Elbe River, the Hamburg steamers take in only a part of their freight at the city, the rest being put on board from lighters, while the passengers are taken by small river steamers to Cuxhaven and there received on the great ship. Our picture is a faithful representation of the scene that then ensues—the crowding, the scramble, the hurry up the ship-ladder, the light-hearted and the sad farewells, the parting that may be for a few months or for life, the buoyant hopefulness of the young and strong, the solicitude and despondency of those who feel that they may be leaving their old, dear homes in their own land to find only a grave beyond the sea. All phases of feeling may be discovered in the various figures and groups so well depicted by the artist.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the friends of the common schools the approaching election in our State is one of unusual importance. Nor should any teacher or pupil avoid any labor that may aid in preventing the success of the Democratic candidates and the triumph of the opponents of that system of public instruction which has served more than any thing else to perpetuate the prosperity and greatness of New York. That the largest and most active section of the Democracy is the open enemy of the common schools no one can any longer deny. It is upon the aid of the least cultivated and least patriotic portion of the Roman Catholic population that the Democratic leaders must place their chief hope of success. Yet the prelates and priests of the foreign Church are never weary of assailing our system of public instruction, and of denouncing as "godless, immoral, and profane" all education that is not controlled by priest or nun. They make no secret of their design of destroying the whole American system of public schools whenever they have the power. This is just now the chief aim of all their political action. Recently in Ohio a bishop directed all his people to vote against the new Constitution because it enforced popular education, and the Roman Catholic influence helped materially to defeat a measure that the wiser part of the people thought necessary to the development of the intellect of the State. But should a Democratic Legislature, elected chiefly by the aid of the Roman Catholic voters, govern New York, it is easy to see that the common schools will be placed in extreme danger, that the funds devoted to their support may be appropriated to some far less useful purpose, that we may have sectarian schools once more forced upon us, and a renewal of the attempt to cover the State with Roman Catholic seminaries and colleges maintained at the public expense.

This was in fact what the last Democratic Legislature began to do, and what any new one must carry on still further. Under the rule of HOFFMAN and TWEED twenty Roman Catholic schools were founded in New York, and a portion of the revenue of the city appropriated to their support. It was the first serious blow which our common-school system had received from its enemies, and its effect is still seen in their diminished attendance and their declining efficiency. St. Gabriel's or St. Theresa's, established at the cost of all our people, is only the first step in that attack upon the most valuable and important of our American institutions which the foreign prelates are resolved to carry forward if possible to its utter destruction. The throng of Roman Catholic schools which were established by the last Democratic Legislature among us may teach us what we have to expect should the Democracy be suffered to rule in our politics and govern the State. These schools are altogether foreign in their discipline, morals, and character. They are supplied with European teachers, chiefly what are called Christian Brothers, who have themselves been educated in the principles of French or Italian despotism, who are necessarily the enemies of freedom, and pledged to obey the commands of their Roman master. With the hopes, the impulses, and even the history of our country they are wholly unfamiliar. They are the natural foes of progress and of republicanism. They can teach only the coarsest superstitions of the Middle Ages—the absurd miracles and enfeebling traditions that have driven France into infidelity, and made the morals of all Roman Catholic countries the reproach of modern civilization. Yet it is to such teachers that a Democratic Legislature will be compelled to commit the care of a large part of the children of the State. We shall be called upon to pay for the importation of priests and nuns to direct the schools of New York or Buffalo, and aid in building up in our midst an alien Church which has already begun to exercise a fatal influence in our national politics.

There still remains the hope that many intelligent Roman Catholics, who are opposed to the extreme measures of their foreign leaders, who are too grateful to the government under which they have found prosperity and happiness to join in any project that may endanger its existence, will still support the common-school system, and labor to restrain the impetuous zeal of their associates. But this class have hitherto exercised no important influence in their Church. Could they control it, there would be no conflict any where with the civil powers, nor would the name of any sect be mentioned in our politics. Our country opens its fair territory to all creeds and races, and provides a perfect toleration for all. But it recognizes no Church by name, nor will it consent to maintain any religious dogmas at the public expense. This is the principle of our institutions against which the Roman Catholic zealots most bitterly inveigh, which they are resolved to change; and they demand that the State shall support their schools. If they succeed in placing in power their Democratic representatives, they will not hesitate to secure their reward. The moderate and intelligent form as yet but a small proportion of their numbers. Nor is it to be supposed that even this class will be as resolute as their Italian brethren in resisting the commands of the Pope. Italian Catholics refuse to admit his supremacy in politics; but in America there is no language heard but that of submission. Our Roman Catholic Democracy owns a foreign master, and forms a compact and unbroken party. Nor even should it consent to spare for a while our common-school system, and tolerate an institution which it is pledged to destroy, would its prevalence be any less offensive to the instincts of republicanism so long as it remains the enemy of a free and popular education.

If the last Democratic Legislature was forced, in order to satisfy the clamor of the papal priests, to found twenty Roman Catholic schools in the city of New York, and maintain them from the Excise Fund, what hope is there that a future Democratic Legislature will be less grateful, or will not increase the number of the Romish schools to a still more dangerous proportion? There is plainly none. It is the misfortune of the present condition of our politics that one of our national parties is made up in a great degree of a single sect, and of a foreign population who have not yet become familiar with free institutions, and are not yet willing to conform to the requirements of a republican constitution. But for the large Irish Catholic vote in the cities of New York and Brooklyn there would be in the State of New York an immense majority for pure republicanism and general education. There would be no danger that the public schools would suffer from any opposition or any reverse. Their progress would be assured. In Ohio and Indiana even twenty or thirty thousand Irish Catholic votes have controlled the recent elections, and Bishop GILMOUR may well triumph in the papal victory at Cleveland. Time will no doubt dissipate this danger to popular institutions. As the Catholic Irish cease to be strangers among us, as they enter into that sentiment of citizenship and of republican unity which is the foundation of our freedom, they will no longer vote to advance the power of their Church at the cost of their country. They will become Americans, and the rigid defenders of American principles. But that happy period has not yet arrived. We have among us a large foreign population who call themselves Democrats, yet who are laboring to destroy that system of education that can alone make democracy successful. The support of this powerful body has been purchased by the Democratic leaders with bribes and unworthy compliances. Under the rule of HALL and TWEED two-thirds of the aldermen and councilmen of the city of New York were Irish Catholics, most of them, it is stated, born in Ireland. The common schools were sacrificed, the morals of the community debased and fatally injured, to win their favor; their ignorance and their credulity laid them open to the arts of the plunderers of the city. It has always been the honorable policy of the Republican party to avoid such unworthy practices. It can consent neither to bribe nor to corrupt; and it has won its long series of victories because the people are sure that under its rule American institutions are secure, and union and progress, the school-house and the church, will be guarded from all their foes.

It is to the educated part of our community, who have felt the benefits of an American system of instruction, to the teachers and the taught, that the Republican party appeals for aid in the coming election. It asks all who have profited from the public schools to labor earnestly in their defense. Their enemies are active and united, and danger hovers over every school-house that hides in the pleasant nooks of the rural districts or the fair and convenient edifices that line the streets of our cities. A Democratic success would be a reaction against knowledge and good order. A Republican will insure a new period of progress for the public schools. But, besides this, the Democracy is trying to teach the people a moral code wholly different from that which lies at the base of American education and thought. Integrity has always marked the majority of our people. The foreign Democracy advocates repudiation and national dishonesty. If they could control the nation, its credit would be lost, and a general decay must fall on all branches of trade. In the place of a humane protection of the white and colored voters of the South, the Democratic leaders palliate every deed of bloodshed, and profit from the outrages of the White Man's League. In the city of New York they have renewed the power of the followers of TWEED, and in the State would bring again into office the plunderers who squandered its Sinking Fund and robbed its Treasury. Such morals and such politics were never learned in our common schools; and it is easy to see why Democratic leaders are so often their open enemies. But in the success of the Republican party an equal education will be assured to all, and foreign corruption receive a mortal wound.

It may well be the chief aim of the friends of the common schools in all parts of our State to secure the control of the Legislature. Every Republican Senator or member of Assembly is of priceless importance to education. If our people would secure for their children the benefits of free instruction, they must defeat its foes.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HOW JERRY CAME HOME.

THAT fire at the Maples did something besides making talk for the whole village and scorching up a few rods of old Mrs. Chitts's scattering timber. It gave the old gentlewoman, who had long been hovering doubtfully on the borders of two worlds, a very good reason for departing at last, and leaving a long-waited-for estate to innumerable hungry heirs and lawyers.

"Too much for the old lady, that scare," neighborly people said, "though the fire didn't amount to any thing; but, bless your life, she'd hung on so long!" implying that the breeze which had shaken her off at last was all in the way of Providence. The truth is, people had begun to feel that Death, with his hands full among meaner people and poorer people, had quite overlooked rich old Mrs. Chitts in her snug old place at the Maples. There is a certain sense of justice in these things, and threescore years and ten is a generous allowance for a lifetime, after all; to go beyond it looks covetous, especially if you have heirs. There were no red eyes at the old gentlewoman's funeral, if you except those of Deborah, the old lady's humble companion and housekeeper.

"She's made a fool of Deb, though; but, for the matter of that, Deb's always being made a fool of," said Mrs. Thornpin, chatting to a neighbor over her gate, with a brood of barefoot children behind her. Mrs. Thornpin was Deborah's half-sister—a shrewd and notable woman, with a faded wisp of hair done up in a scantling twist behind, and skewered vixenishly back from forehead and ears. "Yes, she's made a fool of Deb—left without paying her last quarter's wage, and give her the sweepings of her property just to set the whole place talking about us and our poverty. And after the struggle I've had to keep my head above water, to have Deb come back to me like that, with that ragged bit of sea-shore and that wheezy old barn of a house behind her, and all of hazing after that boy of hers, who'll never come back, it's my belief. If he's decently dead and buried, it's all the harm I wish him."

For it seems that Deborah had had her romance too, years ago. It came to her in the shape of a stray sailor drifting up the shore one day—a slouching fellow, with a pair of gypsy black eyes and a foreign look, which the good people of the village, not being able to translate accurately, took to mean evil altogether, shaking their heads ominously when he "made up" to Deb, and finally married her. So when he led Deb a hard life, drank up all his earnings at the village inn, and finally cut himself adrift again, going off without warning into that unknown somewhere whence he came, and leaving her with the care of a three-year-old boy, and not a cent to support herself, every body looked at every body else, and said, "What could you expect?" And there would have been nothing for Deb but to go back to her half-sister's, making one of a scantily fed and overpopulated household, if this old gentlewoman at the Maples hadn't turned up and wanted her for a housekeeper.

But Deborah's boy hadn't turned out well; he grew up a pranksome, wild young fellow, whom no one saw any good in; the pest of the neighborhood, the destroyer of melon patches, an impish youngster with no end of devilment in him. Even the most orthodox folk of the village sometimes felt themselves constrained to wonder to what end Jerry was born, Providence seemed to have so little to do with him. So when one fine morning the lad was up and off like his father before him, nobody was sorry or surprised but his mother. A fine summer morning long ago that was. Many mists had settled on the sea-shore and many snows had whitened the hill-tops since Jerry went away, but his mother had been "looking for him back" ever since. Every summer among the far-flitting sails she fancied Jerry's ship was sailing in, for Jerry had gone for a sailor, of course—what else? He would come back some day in a blue braided jacket and a floating ribbon as proud and bright as the best of them. That was Deb's religion, her one unshaken faith; and even her half-sister, accustomed to whet the sharp edge of her temper on Deb's short-comings, was fain to keep shy of this vagary.

It is astonishing, after all, how small a portion of one's self is really owned by one's self. Especially in a village. There's the neighborhood, and there's the family, and there's that vague, impalpable thing called the world, which sometimes means the meeting-house—one, two, three fourths—the shriveled portion of selfhood remaining is hardly worth counting upon as stock in trade. And Deb had lived in the village till she was almost one of its traditions. Hadn't they known her from a child, and weren't her whims and oddities a sort of town property, like the salt air and the shell-fish?

When, therefore, the village learned that Deborah was not coming back to burden her half-sister, but was fairly set to move into that rickety, rheumatic old house bequeathed her by her eccentric mistress, with its bare acre or two fraying out in meadow land and sedge to the tide-rising, the village lifted its hands in deprecation, and declared it was a tempting of Providence. So said Mrs. Thornpin, who, having wrought her courage up to the pitch of drilling and scolding Deb for years to come, felt in some way defrauded. Mrs. Thornpin declared the house was damp, a dismal, mouldy old place, shaking with the sea-ague, and sure to be down some night on the head of whoever was in it. Whatever possessed old Mrs. Chitts she didn't know. Deb had quips and cranks enough of her own all along, and would be harder to manage now than ever.

And indeed it seemed she was not far from right, for it appeared Deborah was quite satisfied to "move" with a cat, a red shawl, and a flower-pot.

"I shall have plenty of every thing when Jerry comes back," she said, smiling.

"Better wait till he does come," was the grim reply.

"Oh, you know, I want to have every thing ready for him."

Whereat Mrs. Thornpin laughed to herself; for Deb, as she said, was capable of "living right along," with the sunlight shining on that gray shanty, and a patch of rag carpet on the floor, waiting for Jerry forever.

So Deb went her way in her sun-bonnet and old gray gown, with a snatch of clove-pink in her hair, and took refuge in the ancient shingle-front house.

All that bright, breezy day of Deb's move she was very busy, after her own fashion, washing down and cleaning up the big bare raftered kitchen, with many pauses to look out of the wide shambling windows at the gray brimming ocean, the white foam line, and the wind-blown sand and sedge. For Deborah, as her sister said, was "lazy as a born lady"—a lady who thought herself well dressed in a patched gray gown and a rose-bud.

"When Jerry comes back I'll have folks enough running here," said the infatuated Deb to those who condoled with her on her sea-shore solitude.

But there came a change over the quiet of Rushtown. There were whispers in the air of an approaching invasion. A big speculator, in a big gold chain, with a big voice, and a big company at his back, had found his way along the sea-shore. There was talk of villa sites and villa plots and ocean views, and there were flaming placards up at the village inn, and there was a big tent down along the sands, with a gay streamer atop of it, and crowds of busy, beer-drinking people about it, invading the ocean quiet, and vulgarizing the place, as Mrs. Lymph declared.

And finally, it appeared, the wily auctioneer threw a covetous eye on that slighted two-acre lot which was generally sniffed at by the village as "Deb's property." And the speculative Mr. Jones courted Deb and coaxed Deb, and endeavored to bring her to reason and to making a sale at his own price—a good price for a few bushels of sand, as he observed, worth nothing, except that they stood in his way. But Deb was shrewd for once, for the sake of Jerry. When Jerry came back it would not do to have cheated him out of what was justly his due. So she bargained and put off and haggled with the eloquent auctioneer, for Jerry's sake, until finally, as you never *can* bring a woman to reason, he was fain to give her her price. And he touched his hat respectfully when they closed the bargain, for he respected money, did Mr. Jones, and Deb was a far richer woman than when he first met her, and had proved to be sharper than he was, after all.

That was a proud day for Deb when she deposited the proceeds of that one business transaction of her life in the snug little bank of a neighboring town. She still owned the shaky old house and a bit of land about it, and she had a bank-book besides! There was a small sum coming to her yet, and, happy as a princess, she walked along the sands, in her sun-bonnet, to meet the gallant auctioneer at the big tent, for, seeing that Deb was a landed proprietor, and mistress of a small fortune, that gentleman had invited her down to the great clam-bake and sale, to see, as he said, "how the thing was done," and to settle up. It was all a wonderful scene to poor simple Deborah—the feasting, the crowded tables, the rushing, jostling, good-humored people who bid high prices and drank beer, and hankered to get out by the ocean. In her interest and excitement she lingered with the rest till nearly sunset.

"You had better be careful of that money," said the auctioneer, kindly, as she put the purse in her pocket when they "settled up." "There are ill-looking fellows hanging about here. It's bad for a lone woman to have much money about her."

"I sha'n't always be a lone woman," said Deb, in the fullness of her heart, thinking of the time when Jerry would be back, as big and brave and fearless as any body.

That night there came a new moon over the water; the wide dim stretch of lifting waves was faintly silvered, the wraith-like mist lying beyond glimmered like a Milky Way. But Deb was not lingering out-doors to-night, dreaming and brooding, as was her wont at this hour. She sat in the great shadow-haunted kitchen, her sun-bonnet still on her head, a candle flaring beside her—a candle which flickered unsteadily over a tumbled heap of bills, interspersed with a few odd pieces of silver, the hoardings of years.

Deb was counting her treasure, gloating over it like a miser. Window and door were open; the sea-breeze came floating in. Eager, happy, intent, she heard nothing, feared nothing. The wind was always making a racket about the disjointed old place, and Deb had got used to it. It sounded like a sinister footfall now on the threshold, but Deb never looked up. She did not see a dark face bending over her shoulder; she did not see the shadow of a brawny hand crawling stealthily over the heap she was counting. It might be one of the grim shadows haunting the rafters had got down to play a prank with her, so unconscious sits the woman, absorbed in her unaccustomed mathematics, till the brawny hand comes down with a sudden swoop, clutching her treasure—a living, sinewy hand, with a sailor's anchor pricked in faded blue on the back.

But Deb was quick; she caught at the closed fist sharply, holding it in a vigorous grip, treasure and all, as she turned upon the robber—a woman with flashing eyes, full of nerve and strength, not to be lightly quelled, transformed by sudden peril into heroism.

But as she turned a cry broke from her lips—a wild, strange cry, uttering all the passion and loneliness of her lifetime.

"Jerry!" she cried. "O God! it was all for you!"

Was it so indeed that Jerry had come home? Was it Jerry who shrank from her extended arms, and falling abjectly on the floor, groveled at her feet? Jerry! her knight, her returning hero, for whom she had coveted all things, for whom her world was all too small to afford largess for his welcome!

A divine mother-light shone in Deborah's eyes. All things were for him; first of all, forgiveness.

Disgraced, degraded, Jerry; fallen upon evil ways, Jerry: so much the more will the great mother-heart comfort and welcome thee!

"I never meant it, mother," he cried; "no, I never meant this! I've been bad enough and wretched enough and starved enough, but I never meant this. It was the money he gave you down at the long tent that done it. I never see your face, not once, oh, not once, mother, only the jingling, hateful purse that lured me on like a devil! Let me away out o' this," he cried, breaking from her grasp, "and I'll never trouble you more. I swear it—never!"

But his mother set her back against the door; she drew with trembling fingers the great rusty bolt. "Listen to the lad!" she said, smiling, as she smoothed his rough hair with her tender hand. "Does he think that after waiting all these years he's going to get quit of his old mother in this fashion? Nay, nay, my lad, it was all that there sun-bonnet o' mine!"

"Well," said Mrs. Thornpin to her husband, as she cleared the dinner-table next day, "I give Deb up after this. There's no use trying to reason with Deb. She won't take no kind of advice. There she's got that great hulking lad back to eat her out of house and home, with his furrin ways and monkey face. But, bless me! Deb never would take things to heart like other folk. She grows sleek on what would fair wear me to skin and bone. Thornpin, mark my words—"

But Thornpin had lit his after-dinner pipe and escaped.

Certainly Jerry had not improved in appearance; that was quite true. His swarthy face and small, glittering eyes, black and restless, constantly suggested that obnoxious foreign origin which the neighbors never could get over. But Jerry, shy as some wild creature, troubled the neighbors but little; only once in a while they caught glimpses of him setting out shoreward with his fishing-line, or late of an evening strolling along the sands with Deb, who never wore the old sun-bonnet now, having replaced it with a broad-brimmed gypsy, always gay with a knot of crimson flowers. "She could afford it now," she said, "since Jerry had come home."

And never could any one bring Deb to see any thing amiss with her boy. To all cavilers she pointed with pride to her trim garden, rescued from sand and weeds, where occasionally of a twilight afternoon you might catch a glimpse of the ragged straw hat and turned-up trowsers in which the long-waited-for prince did duty in the potato patch or weeded the cucumber bed.

"There never was such a boy for work," says his mother, watching him dreamily from the porch; and if he had come home a millionaire or a merchant prince, you could see no difference in the light of the mother-eyes beaming upon him.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.	
Sunday,	1.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity; All-Saints.
Sunday,	8.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.
DECEMBER.	
Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Friday,	25.—Christmas.
Saturday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Sunday,	27.—First Sunday after Christmas; St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

THE ecclesiastical event of the week has been the refusal of the Protestant Episcopal Convention, sitting in this city, to confirm the election of Dr. G. F. SEYMOUR as Bishop of Illinois. The debate on his confirmation lasted eight days, and was conducted with closed doors. For this reason the arguments offered on either side are not as well known as could be desired. It is well understood, however, that the question of his confirmation involved the entire ritualistic controversy. The chief objections to the Bishop elect were that he had, as Dean of the General Theological Seminary, given encouragement to ritualistic teaching, and that he was otherwise associated with ritualists. The responsibility for certain interviews between Father GRAFTON, a noted ritualist, and the students of the seminary was charged on Dr. SEYMOUR. On Thursday, October 22, at 3 P.M., it was decided by the House of Deputies to take the vote. After prayer by the president, the deputies remained for some time engaged in silent devotion. The vote was by dioceses and orders, each diocese being entitled to one vote. In favor of confirmation there were of the clergy, yeas 19, nays 10, divided 12; of the laity, yeas 13, nays 19, divided 9. The divided dioceses counting practically with the nays, Dr. SEYMOUR was rejected by a vote of both orders. It appears from the record that the opposition to Dr. SEYMOUR was more decided among the lay than the clerical deputies.

Many of the lay deputies to the Convention are men of mark in our State and national affairs. We have already mentioned the name of Secretary FISH. Other distinguished delegates are Chief Justice WAITE, of the Supreme Court; MONTGOMERY BLAIR, Postmaster-General under President LINCOLN; Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, of Albany; Hon. JACOB THOMPSON, of Mr. BUCHANAN'S cabinet; Hon. WILLIAM WELSH, of the Indian Commission; Professor HENRY COPPÉE, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, now of Bethlehem; Judge SEYMOUR, of Connecticut; and Judge BULLOCK, of Kentucky. Great regret has been expressed that the Convention deemed it expedient to sit with closed doors.

Notwithstanding the resignation of Professor SWING, and its acceptance by the Chicago Presbytery, his case has come before the Synod of Northern Illinois, on the appeal of Dr. PATTON. A protest against the reception of the appeal was presented to the Synod; the appeal was, however, entertained. Dr. SWING not being present, several of his friends were successively appointed to represent him, but refused. The Synod finally selected the Rev. REUBEN FRAME to conduct his defense. The Rev. Dr. W. M'KAIG has acknowledged his divergence from the Presbyterian doctrinal standards, and has made important concessions. Pending the disposal of his case by the Sacramento Presbytery, his church has voted for his retention as pastor.

It was very unfortunate that the greetings of the Unitarian National Conference to the Triennial Congregational Council (orthodox) failed to reach the latter body in good season. Messrs. RUFUS ELLIS, EDWARD E. HALE, and DORMAN B. EATON were appointed a committee to perform this fraternal service, and sent a letter to the Council, which has since its adjournment been published. The letter is most cordial in its spirit. The committee say: "We lament all those antagonisms which weaken the hands by dividing the minds and hearts of Christians. We long and labor and pray for the day when the Congregational body, true to its precious memories and traditions, shall again be of one mind and one heart in Christ. We are glad to think that our differences now are rather as to the forms of truth than as to the truth itself; in the letter, and not in the spirit; in what has been said once rather than in what we are trying to say now. Most earnestly do we pray that in the new day which, as we believe, is rising upon the Church of Christ, you may be prospered in all your work and labor of love, and that the spirit of the Master may dwell in you richly to the enlargement of the kingdom of our common Lord."

This is the first message of the kind that has passed between the two bodies.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Christian Missionary Society conducted by the "Disciples of Christ" began in Cincinnati October 21. The Disciples of Christ are more commonly known as "Campbellites," from the name of their founder, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, of Bethany, Virginia. They are Baptists, and number 400,000 communicants, chiefly in the Western and border Southern States. A delegate from the Free-will Baptists appeared before the Convention with a proposal for union, which was favorably received.

The seventeenth annual convention of the local preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in the Eutaw Street Church, Baltimore, October 18. About 140 delegates were present. The convention represents a body of 10,000 lay preachers. The session continued several days.

We learn from the *Pacific* that the remains of the Rev. Dr. JOHN L. STEPHENS, the missionary who was murdered in Ahualulco, Mexico, have been conveyed to California, and interred at Petaluma. The priest REYNOSA and several other persons charged with abetting the murder have been tried by a commission and acquitted. The mission work still goes on; it is in the hands of Mr. WATKINS, the associate of STEPHENS, and two helpers who have been sent out since the murder.

The American Bible Union (Baptist) held its twenty-fifth anniversary in this city October 14. This association has for its objects a revision of the English version of the Scriptures in accordance with Baptist views, and its circulation here and abroad. In May next it will unite with the American and Foreign Bible Society. The combined associations will then be known as the "American and Foreign Bible Union." Since its organization the union has received from all sources $872,928; during this year, $64,217.

The fourteenth annual session of the Church of England Congress began at Brighton October 6. Preliminary religious services were held in the morning. In the afternoon the inaugural address was delivered by the president, the Bishop of Chichester, to an assembly of 4000 persons. So great had been the demand for tickets of admission that the supply failed, the "Pavilion," where the Congress met, holding only the above number. The aim of the Congress, the Bishop of Chichester said, was, in the selection of topics and speakers, to secure an impartial representation of the different schools of thought in the Anglican Church. He denied the charge that there was any desire to give one party more advantage in the Congress than another. The first topic, the "Old Catholic Movement," was treated by the Bishop of Winchester, Professor MAYOR, Dean HOWSON, and the Rev. Mr. M'COLL, who declared its chief danger to be from the legislation of BISMARCK, an opinion, he said, held by DÖLLINGER. The proceedings of the Bonn Conference were brought up by the Bishop of Melbourne, who arose to protest against some of the articles there adopted. He instanced those on confession, on the eucharist, on the commemoration of the faithful dead, and especially that on tradition. Dr. LITTLEDALE replied in defense of tradition. In the evening a large number of speakers discussed the subject of "Home Missions." An ocean bishopric for the benefit of seamen was suggested.

Bishop M'FARLAND, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Hartford, died in that city October 12. He was a native of Pennsylvania, was educated at Emmittsburg, Maryland, and was at one time a professor in St. John's College, Fordham. Shortly before his death he became a member of the order of Franciscans.

The October meeting of the Long Island Baptist Association has been looked to with eagerness by all who take interest in the "open communion" controversy. The Lee Avenue Church, of Brooklyn, was known to practice open communion, and a committee of the Association appointed a year ago to investigate the facts was expected to report. At the opening of the meeting in the Willoughby Avenue Church, of Brooklyn, October 20, the facts were reported in a statement made by the Lee Avenue Society. The society says: "Our practice is simply to announce the Lord's Supper, inviting none. We find that the Saviour commanded His disciples to partake in remembrance of Him. If any acknowledged disciple feels this command binding upon him, and in conscientious obedience to it approaches the table, we do not refuse him, for we remember that the Master has said, 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth.' Nevertheless, we claim that no church in the denomination teaches more thoroughly or persistently the doctrine of Scriptural baptism."

On this statement the committee judged that the Lee Avenue Society had departed from the Baptist faith and principles, and that "restricted communion is an essential element in the contract into which every church enters that comes into the Baptist denomination and this Association." They recommended a withdrawal of fellowship from the Lee Avenue Church. The recommendation was adopted by a vote of 268 to 21. The pastor of the church, the Rev. J. HYATT SMITH, immediately presented a paper protesting against this action. The admission of the Marcy Avenue Church to the Association was then discussed. The debate developed a violent opposition to its admission on the ground that it also practiced open communion. Dr. JEFFREY, the pastor, finally withdrew the application. A movement to form another Baptist Association on Long Island is now reported.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ACCORDING to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, the route from Omaha to California by the Central Pacific Railroad is made dangerous by thieves, gamblers, and "sharpers," who are little better than highway robbers. The law seems to do little good in that part of the country by way of giving protection to travelers. They are at the mercy of any ruffian who chooses to maltreat them. It is said by those who have traveled in the trains that the conductors and brakemen are either unable or unwilling to render any protection against the demands of these bold robbers; but whether they are afraid of them or in league with them is not known. If these reports are correct, it accounts in part for the fact that recently the Pacific Mail steamers have been obliged to refuse passengers for want of room.

A "ginrickasha" is a Japanese wagon, two-wheeled, and drawn by a cooly. In Jeddo there are said to be 100,000 of these wagons for public use. It costs about twelve cents an hour to ride in one, and a good "ginrickasha" man will run forty miles a day in a hot sun with a full-grown passenger in the wagon. This conveyance is very much used both by foreigners and the Japanese.

It is on record that simultaneously with the outbreak of an epidemic, like the cholera, birds desert the fated town. This phenomenon has been observed in St. Petersburg, Riga, and in cities of Prussia, in Hanover, Galicia, and Southern Germany. Some scientific men suppose the birds are warned by the poison in the atmosphere, and instinctively fly from it.

Apples are not ruined even if they happen to be frozen. If they are covered so as to exclude air and light, or carefully removed to a dark, cool cellar, they will thaw gradually, and be almost as good as ever. But the frost must be drawn out slowly. If apples are frozen in barrels, they should be kept headed, and covered as closely as possible from the air. Then after a gradual thawing they will scarcely seem to have been frost-bitten.

In the beautiful little cemetery of Waterford, Maine, a handsome white marble head-stone marks a grave, and bears this inscription:

Rest, loved one, rest.
CHARLES F. BROWN,
known to the world as "Artemus Ward,"
died in Southampton, England,
March 6, 1869,
æt. 33 years.

His memory will live as a sweet and unfailing recollection.

Two handsome cats passed through Boston by the Adams Express the other day en route for Hamilton, Ohio. The cats came from "way down East," and on the box was a pathetic and poetic appeal for milk and bread.

"The best rule," says a wise writer, "is to say all the good we can of every one, and to refrain from saying evil, unless it becomes a clear matter of duty to warn some one against him. Slander is a sin much worse than theft. We should no more bite one with our words than with our teeth. An angry word is as bad as a blow often, and a satirical word is like a sting."

The *Nischinshinjishi*, the *Tokionichinichi Schimbum*, and the *Chnoansashi* are Japanese newspapers.

Shall it be spelled *Chestnut* or *Chesnut?* That is the momentous question of the street—in Philadelphia.

Two hundred and fifty children of the Howard Mission recently enjoyed a visit to the American Institute Fair through the kindness of the manager.

The girls in the New York Normal School have shown very decidedly that they prefer the study of German to that of French. Of 1150 students 918 chose German and 187 French. There is not only an increasing need of a knowledge of German in the social and business relations of life in our country, but the rich literature of Germany is an attraction to students.

According to statistics, the following nine cities stand above New York in the matter of population: London 3,254,260; Sutchau (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,300,000; Tschantschau-fu, 1,000,000; Hangtschau-fu, 1,500,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Singnan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000.

"People talk about waking up with a snap," says Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame. "Why, that is a horrible way to do it. I met a friend the other day who said, 'I always wake up with a snap, and get up with a jump.' Why, the sweetest experience of life comes to us leisurely. What would you think of the sun rising with a snap? of roses opening with a snap? of a man eating beefsteak with a snap? of a wife kissing her husband with a snap?"

A clergyman writes in the *Independent* of the heavy rain that occurred a few weeks ago, and states certain facts, as follows:

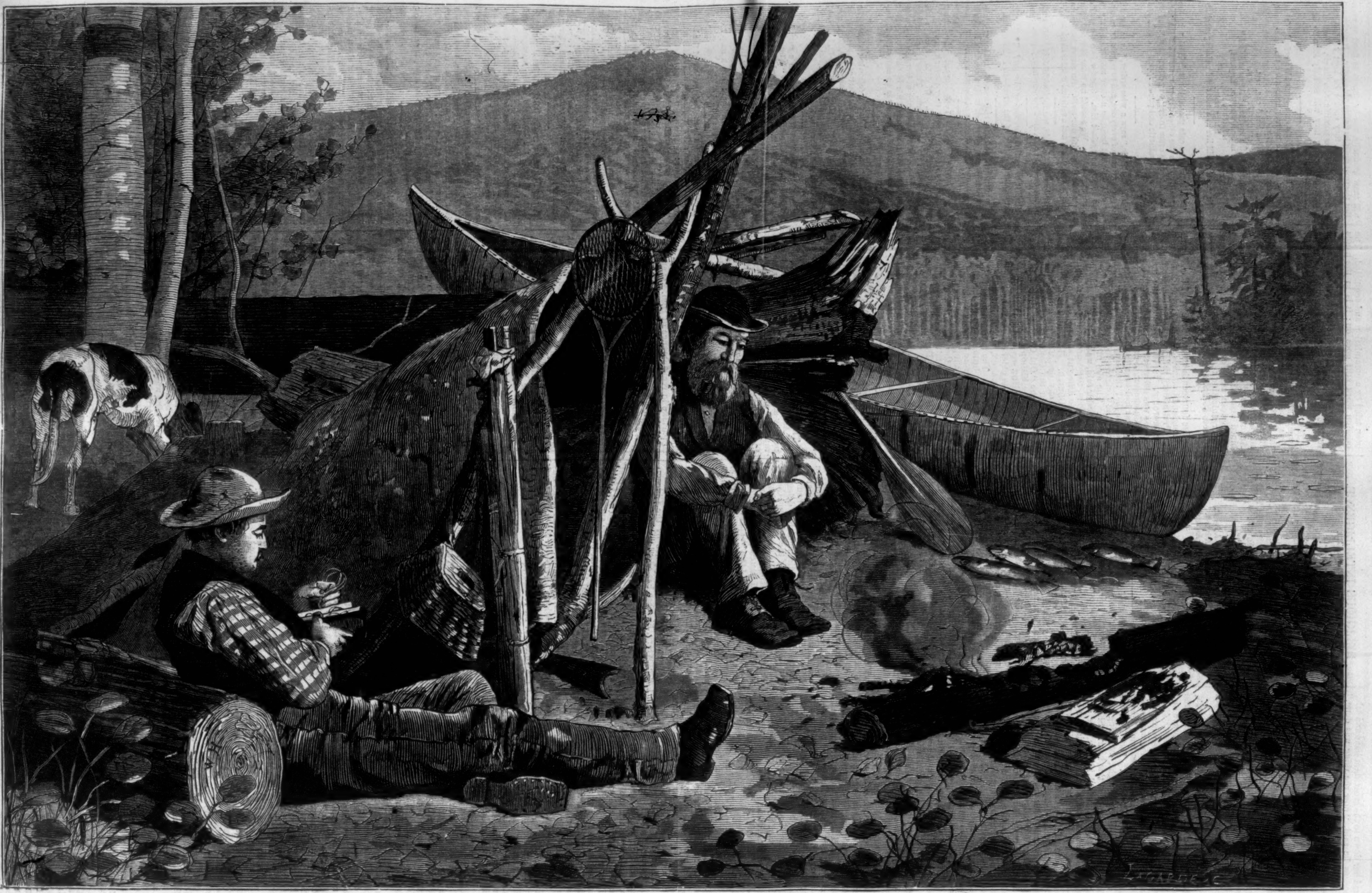
"1st, That after a painful and long-continued drought the churches of a great city put up united prayers to Almighty God for rain. 2d, That on the second day thereafter a storm began which continued for five days. 3d, That the predictions of the Weather Bureau, usually so trustworthy, were during these days so conspicuously inaccurate as to awaken wide-spread comment, complaint, and even derision. Earnest-hearted Christians enter into no dispute with philosophers, but they read in their Bibles, 'Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.'"

A new Home, or family hotel, has been opened in Boston through the exertions of the managers and friends of the Young Women's Christian Association. There are accommodations for about 190 persons, including matrons and assistants. Of the 115 rooms fifty-two have been furnished without cost to the association by individuals and churches. The first occupants will be the family of the Beach Street Home, comprising about sixty young women, who will be given the first choice of rooms. Some of them have been occupants of the old Home seven years. The rate of board in the new hotel will be $5 50 per week for a single room, according to location, and $4 25 for a double-bedded room.

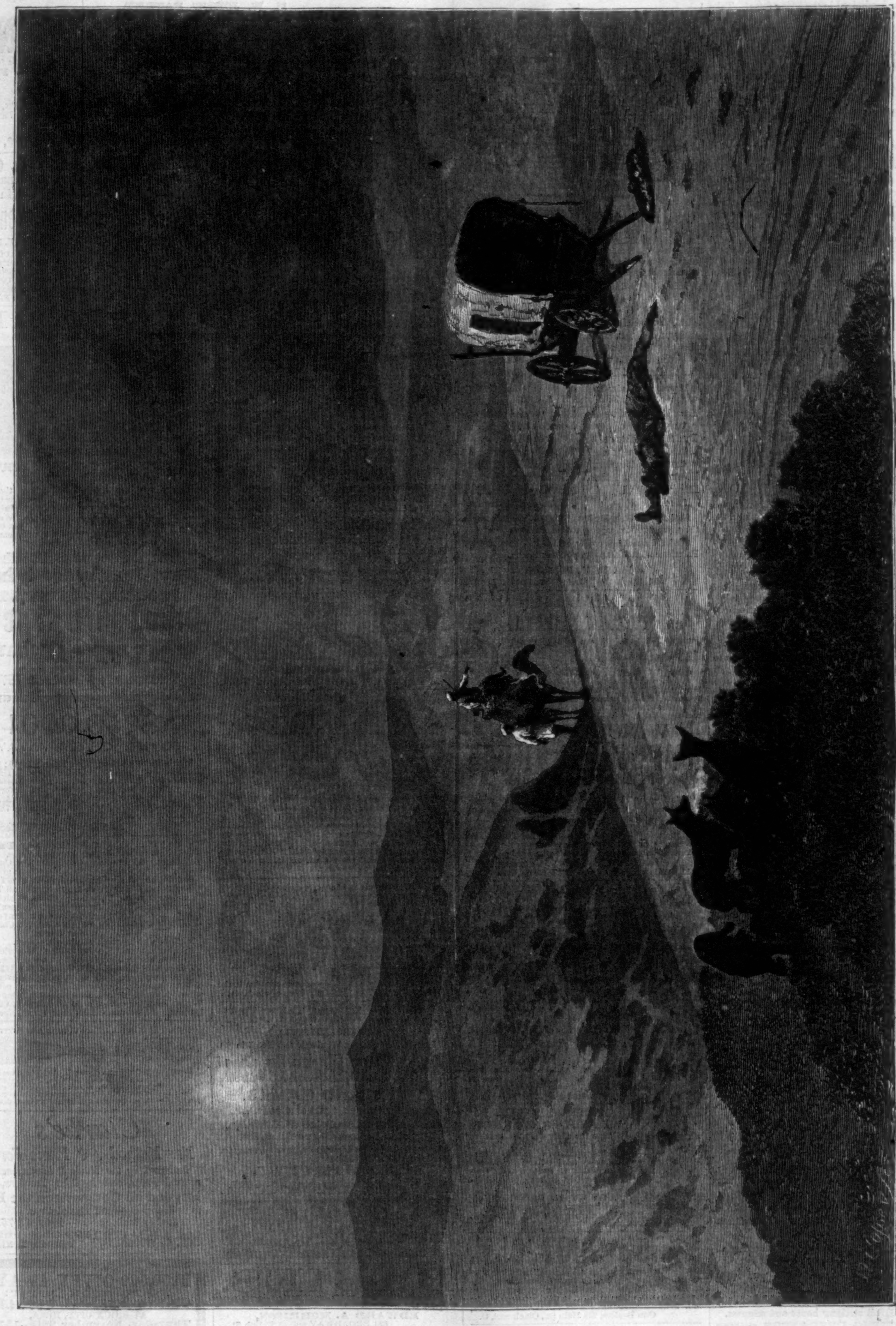
Not long ago a Hartford gentleman, desiring to arrange a clothes-line from an upper window of his house, climbed a neighboring tree for the purpose of fastening the rope. He had previously divested himself of hat and coat, and at a height of about twenty feet was about tying a sailor's knot, when he was interviewed by a wasp. He summarily dismissed the intruder, but presently half a dozen wasps were standing upon his bare bald head, and he instinctively dropped the rope. It is affirmed that in two minutes there were no less than 1979 wasps holding a convention about his person. The man thought it was time to adjourn, which he did with all speed, leaving bits of his trowsers at intervals to show where he had been. Some of the wasps accompanied him with sharp remonstrances.

Odell, Illinois, has a novel sensation—a well in flames. Some farmers were boring for water the other day, and when the auger reached the depth of eighty feet the water spouted into the air to the height of nearly 200 feet, sending out sand and gravel. After a while gas was found to be issuing from the opening, and a match being lighted, instantly a streak of flame twenty feet high leaped into the air with a roar like that of a city in flames. The hole, which in the beginning was but five inches in diameter, increased to twelve, with the volume of flame enlarging. It is situated on the open prairie, and can be seen for miles. It has been visited by hundreds, who gaze awe-struck upon this weird and wonderful scene.

Westminster Abbey has been lately opened to visitors without charge, and thousands have availed themselves of the privilege thus offered them. A committee, chiefly composed of working-men in London, are taking measures to bring about the free opening of the famous old Tower of London. It is maintained that great numbers are desirous of inspecting the Tower who can not well afford the amount now charged for admission. It is hoped that it will be thrown open freely, at least one day in the week.



CAMPING OUT IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]



URALIAN STEPPE ROBBERS—A PILLAGED STAGE-COACH.

URALIAN STEPPE ROBBERS.

In the desolate and forbidding steppes through which the great Ural River flows on its way to the Caspian Sea the traveler finds nothing to charm the eye. Bands of ferocious robbers, worse than Bedouins or Indians, roam over these wastes, and woe to the defenseless traveler who falls into their clutches. No appeal for mercy will save him from wretches whose only business is to rob and kill. Our picture tells the story of a tragedy. A rude wagon or stage-coach has been attacked by steppe robbers, the driver murdered, and his dead body left on the ground to be devoured by wolves. The wagon itself has evidently been plundered, and the other occupants, if any there were, borne away into a captivity worse than death.

The dreary landscape of the Uralian steppe is a fitting scene for the tragedy. There is not a tree in sight. No grass covers with a soft carpet the barren earth. The very heavens wear a sombre and forbidding aspect. The two men in the distance have stopped to survey the ground carefully before advancing, for the broken wagon and the lifeless body tell their own story, and the robber murderers may be lurking near, concealed, perhaps, in some dark ravine. It behooves one to use caution in approaching. We can imagine the men slowly advancing to the spot, and after a hasty look at the pillaged wagon and the murdered driver, pursuing their way, leaving the dead body to be rent and devoured by the wolves that have gathered to feast upon it. There is no time to give it interment. The crime is evidently of recent occurrence, or the body would not be lying there, and the shadow of the wagon shows the day to be already far spent. Haste must be used to gain a lodging station where the night may be passed in safety. Before darkness closes over the dreary plain the wolves now crouching in the foreground will leave nothing but scattered bones, to be buried only by the winter snow.

FROGS AS FOOD.

We bipeds in the human form have a proneness to devour many animals which we admire when living, such as lambs, deer, chickens, and pigeons; while some of us show the same kind of gastronomic liking for beings which certainly are not much admired in the living form. Take frogs, for instance. That they are an article of food is unquestionable, though not to a great extent. The French declare that, when properly cooked, frogs are very nice eating; and certainly cooking has been raised more nearly to the rank of a fine art in France than in any other country. Some time ago a statement appeared in the newspapers to the effect that, within the short space of three weeks, one merchant sent two hundred thousand frogs from Belgium to France, chiefly to Paris, Nancy, and Rheims. The price was about thirteen francs, or two dollars and a half, per thousand. Much patience must have been shown by the cooks; for we are told that the thighs of the frogs were roasted, and eaten with white sauce, or in fricassees; the skin and most other parts were utilized as components in mock-turtle soup. It appears to be in the spring and autumn that this supply for France is obtained. In the market-place of Milan, some few years ago, an English sojourner saw a woman preparing frogs for cooking. She had a sackful near at hand: she took them one by one, placed them on her knee, skinned them expertly, and threw them into a dish, where the wretched little beings crawled one over another skinless. Mr. Fortune describes a scene almost exactly similar to this, as coming under his notice at Ningpo, in China. A traveler, passing near St. Helen's, Lancashire, saw some boys splashing about in a pond, catching frogs, and cutting off their hind-legs. He asked them what they did with the frogs. The answer assumed this puzzling form: "We putters um oth frying-pon, an' then ith 'oon; an' they're graidly good." The meaning of which we may surmise after a little study. Most likely the hind-legs were the parts thus treated.

WHAT the "Peacock Throne" of Delhi, blazing upon the astonished eyes of Tavernier, or the chryselephantine throne of the Olympian Zeus at Elis was to the rude stone rolled by the first Lacustrian up to the door, as rude, of his hut of Wattles for a seat in the sunshine, that the whole range of decorative domestic art in modern times may be said to be to the primitive expedients of our fathers for facilitating the supply of their personal necessities. The first great step upward in the refinement of industry by intelligent aspirations after "beauty in use" was made when man discovered the management of metals. What antheopologists call "the age of bronze" is the dawn of civilization; and it is a curious and notable fact that almost the earliest weapons of bronze that have been discovered bear witness to the attempt of the makers of those weapons to decorate them either by modifications of the form to represent objects in nature, or by inlaying the body of the weapon with traceries and designs in other metals, as was long afterward so wonderfully well done in the so-called Damascene work of the Saracenic armorers, and as is unapproachably well done at this day in gold beaten into iron by the hill-tribes of Hindostan.

The bronze-workers of the present day serve the arts of peace more than the arts of war. Porcelain, silver, silver-plating have supplanted this ancient composition, too, even in respect to many of the arts of peace. But it maintains its preëminence even more completely than even in the reproduction for general use and within the compass of home-life of the present masterpieces of glyptic art. It is impossible to convey in any other material (not even in marble, and still less in alabaster can it be done) so effective, and, to use one of Mr. Ruskin's words, so wholesome an idea of the greatest statues of the world as can be given by the modern mathematical reductions in bronze. This process, discovered in France some forty years ago, is now in use all over the continent. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), deserve praise for the indefatigable way in which they track the developments of this most charming industry from Paris to Berlin, and from Munich to Naples, securing every where its earliest results for the decoration (and the *educational* decoration, be observed) of our New World homes.—[*Com.*]

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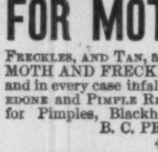

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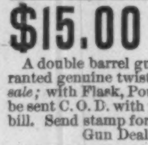

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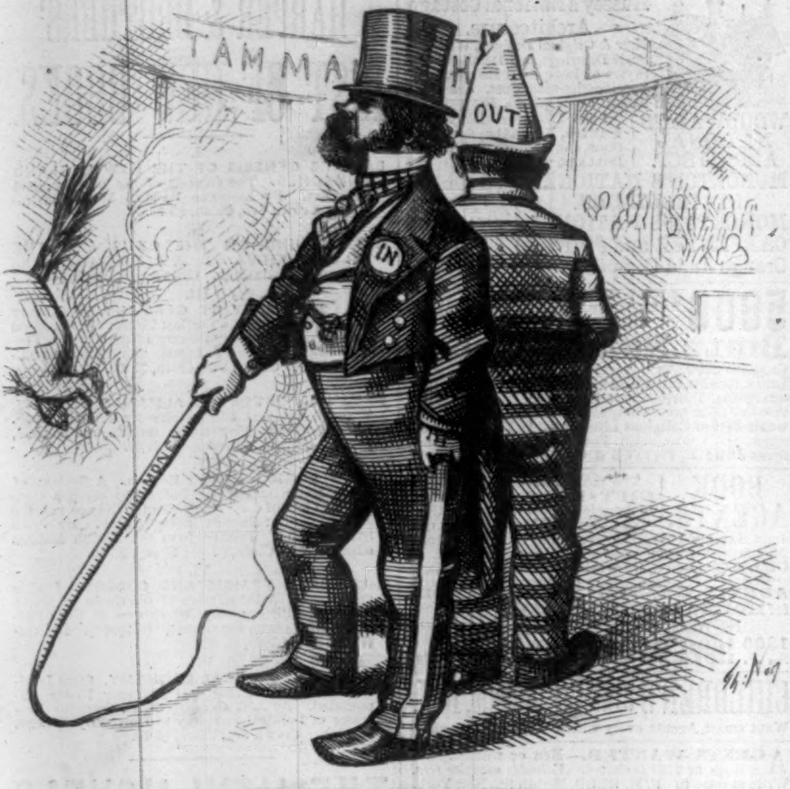

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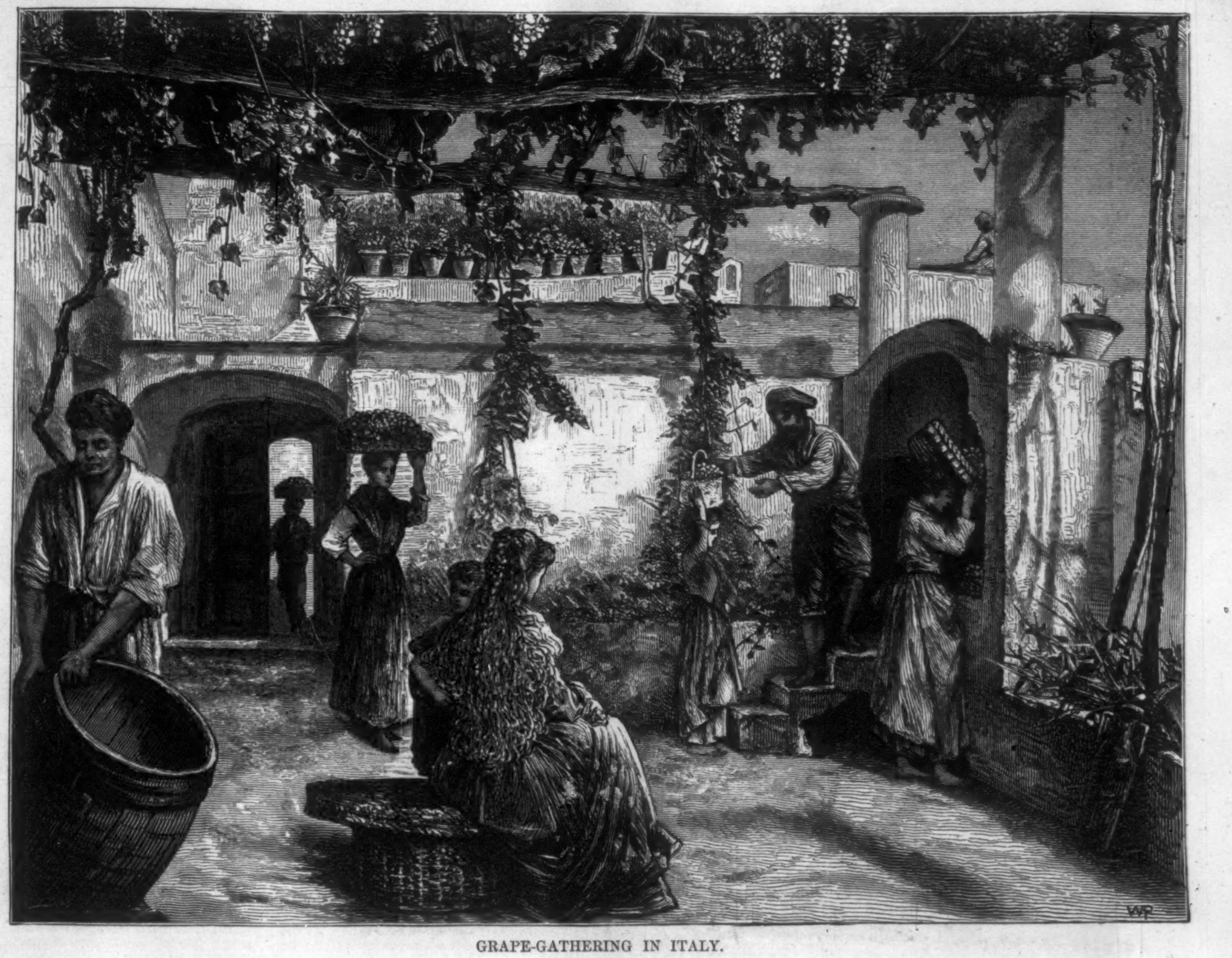


GRAPE-GATHERING IN ITALY.

GRAPE-GATHERING IN ITALY.

The vintage in Italy offers a more picturesque spectacle than in countries which lie further to the north, where the vines are pruned down to mere bushes, fastened to poles, and ranged in stiff and formal rows. Such vineyards as these are not nearly so pretty as our American hop-gardens. In Italy, however, the vine is allowed to display its full luxuriance; it attaches itself to trees or espaliers, and when, as the time of vintage draws near, festoons of luxurious green and purple fruit hang from these leafy arcades, a most tempting sight is presented to those who walk beneath. Then follows such a scene as that depicted in our engraving, where the bloom-covered bunches, as yet innocent of alcohol, and therefore deserving of the attention of the veriest Good Templars, are about to be pressed in the service of the god Bacchus.

(Continued from No. 931, page 908.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FOR HERE'S NO SAFETY IN THE REALM FOR ME.

It was a dull autumnal afternoon when Humphrey Clissold paid his final visit to the Manor-house. That brilliant summer, which had lasted in all its heat and glory to the end of August, and even extended to September, had vanished all at once, and had given place to a bleak and early autumn. Stormy winds by night and dull gray skies by day had prevailed of late; sad stories of disaster at sea filled many a column in the newspapers—to the relief of editors, who must needs have had recourse to gigantic gooseberries, or revivified the sea-serpent, but for these catastrophes.

Even the Manor-house had a gloomy look under this leaden sky. Pyramids of scarlet geraniums, thickets of many-colored dahlias, lent their gaudy hues to the scene; but the lack of sunlight made all dull. The gilded vane pointed persistently northeast. Gardeners and underlings had labored in vain to keep the paths and lawns clear of dead leaves. Down they came, in a crackling shower, with every gust, emblems of decay and death. Humphrey Clissold, sensitive, as the poet must ever be, to external influences, felt depressed by the altered aspect of the place.

Within, however, all was mirth and brightness. There was the usual family group in the hall, where a mighty wood fire blazed in the wide modern-antique grate, with its massive iron-work, and two burnished brazen globes, on iron standards—golden orbs that reflected the ruddy glow of the fire. The billiard players were at work. A party of young ladies playing pool industriously, under the leadership of Mr. Tresillian, J. P., who was in great force in feminine circles where there was not much strain upon a man's intellect. Lady Cheshunt was in her pet chair by the fire—her complexion guarded by a tapestry banner-screen—deeply absorbed in that very French novel the iniquity whereof she had seen denounced in that modern censor, the *Saturday Review*. Viola Bellingham was working point lace at a little table by the central window, and listening with rather a listless, uninterested air to Sir Lewis Dallas's discourse. Neither Madge nor her husband was present.

Lady Cheshunt closed her novel with a faint sigh, leaving a finger between the pages. Mr. Clissold was not so interesting as a French novelist who was worth a page and a quarter of denunciation in the *Saturday*; yet she felt called upon to be civil to him.

"How is Mrs. Penwyn?" he asked, when he had shaken hands with and duly informed himself as to the health of the distinguished dowager.

"That poor child is not very well," replied her ladyship. "East wind, I suppose. I don't think we were created for a world in which the wind is perpetually in the east. On such a day as this I always wish myself in the torrid zone, the centre of Africa, any where where one could feel the sun. To look at that gray sky and those falling leaves is enough to give one the horrors. It's as bad as reading Young's *Night Thoughts*, or staying at a country house with goody people, who insist upon reading one of Blair's sermons aloud on a wet Sunday afternoon."

"I hope it is nothing serious," said Humphrey, meaning Mrs. Penwyn's indisposition.

"Oh dear, no; not in the least. She is only a little out of spirits, and has been spending the morning in her own room with the baby. I dare say she will come down presently. I think she worked a little too hard last season, giving dinners to all the people Mr. Penwyn wanted to conciliate, and going every where he wished. She would make an admirable cabinet minister's wife, I tell her, so devoted and self-sacrificing; and, I suppose, at the rate Mr. Penwyn is going on, he is sure to be in the cabinet sooner or later. A very wonderful man—so serious and self-contained—a man who never wasted a minute of his life, I should think."

Madge entered at this moment, a little paler than in the days of old, but very beautiful. Her flowing gray silk dress, with broad sash, and gimps and fringes of richest violet, became her admirably. Not a jewel or ornament, except the single amethyst stud which fastened her plain linen collar, and the triple band of diamonds on her wedding finger. The glorious dark hair wound, coronet fashion, round the small head. A woman for a new Valasquez to paint, just as she stood before Humphrey Clissold to-day in the soft gray light.

"I am so sorry to hear you have been ill," he said, as they shook hands.

"But you must not be sorry, for I was not ill. I was a little tired, perhaps a little idle, too, and I wanted a morning alone with my boy. What have you done with Churchill, Lady Cheshunt?" with a little anxious look round the room—empty for her, lacking but one occupant.

"What have I done with him?" ejaculated the dowager. "Do you suppose your husband is a man to be kept in-doors by any fascinations of mine? I should as soon expect to see Brutus or Cassius, or any of those dreadful Shakspearean persons, in togas, playing the tame cat. I asked your husband to read aloud to us, thinking that might please him—most men are proud of their elocution—but you should have seen his look of quiet contempt. 'I am so sorry I am too busy too allow myself the pleasure of amusing you,' he said, and then went off to superintend some new plantation of Norwegian firs. Wonderful man!"

"You have come to spend the rest of the day with us, of course, Mr. Clissold," said Madge, with that pleasant, cordial manner which was one of her charms, and in nowise out of harmony with her somewhat queenly bearing. Who more delightful than a queenly woman when she desires to please?

"I shall be only too happy if I may, and if you will excuse my appearing at dinner in a frock-coat. I reserved this day for my visit here. It is my last day but one in the west."

"I am so sorry," said Madge. "Well, since we have you for so short a time we must do our best to amuse you. Perhaps"—with a happy thought—"you would like to go and see Churchill's new plantation. We might go for a drive and join him."

Humphrey understood the wife's desire to be near her husband, a new proof of that love which had an element of pathos in its quiet intensity.

"I should like it of all things," he answered.

"But are you sure you have lunched?" It was between three and four in the afternoon.

"Quite sure. I joined Mr. Trevanard at his early dinner."

"Clara—Laura—which of you will come for a drive?" asked Madge, indiscriminately, of the pool players. "I know it would be useless to ask you, dear Lady Cheshunt."

"My love, I would as soon drive across the Neva in a sledge for pleasure. I never stir from my fireside, except to go out to dinner, when the wind's in the east. Setting aside the discomfort, I can't see why one should make a horror of one's self by exposing one's complexion to be rasped as the bakers rasp their rolls."

The pool players were too deeply involved in their game to care about leaving it, unless dear Mrs. Penwyn particularly wished them to go out.

"Let me come, Madge," said Viola, "and let us take Nugent. You won't mind, will you, Mr. Clissold?"

"Do you think I am such a barbarian as to object to that small individual's society?" asked Humphrey. "He shall sit on my knee, and pull my beard as hard as he likes."

Sir Lewis Dallas asked to be allowed to join the party, so the sociable was ordered, and Mrs. Penwyn and her sister retired to put on their hats.

"She is not looking well," said Humphrey.

"No, she is not," answered Lady Cheshunt, with more earnestness than was common to that somewhat frivolous dowager. "She has never been quite the same since that burglar business."

"Indeed! The alarm caused her a great shock, I suppose?"

"Well, she knew nothing about the attempt till it was all over; but I suppose the worry and excitement afterward were too much for her. The man turned out to be a son of the lodge-keeper's, and the woman came whining to Mrs. Penwyn to get him let off easily, and Madge, who is the most tender-hearted creature in the world, persuaded Churchill to use his influence with that good-natured Mr. Tresillian, whom he can wind round his finger," in a whisper, "and the man got off. It was particularly good of Mrs. Penwyn, for I know she detests that lodge woman."

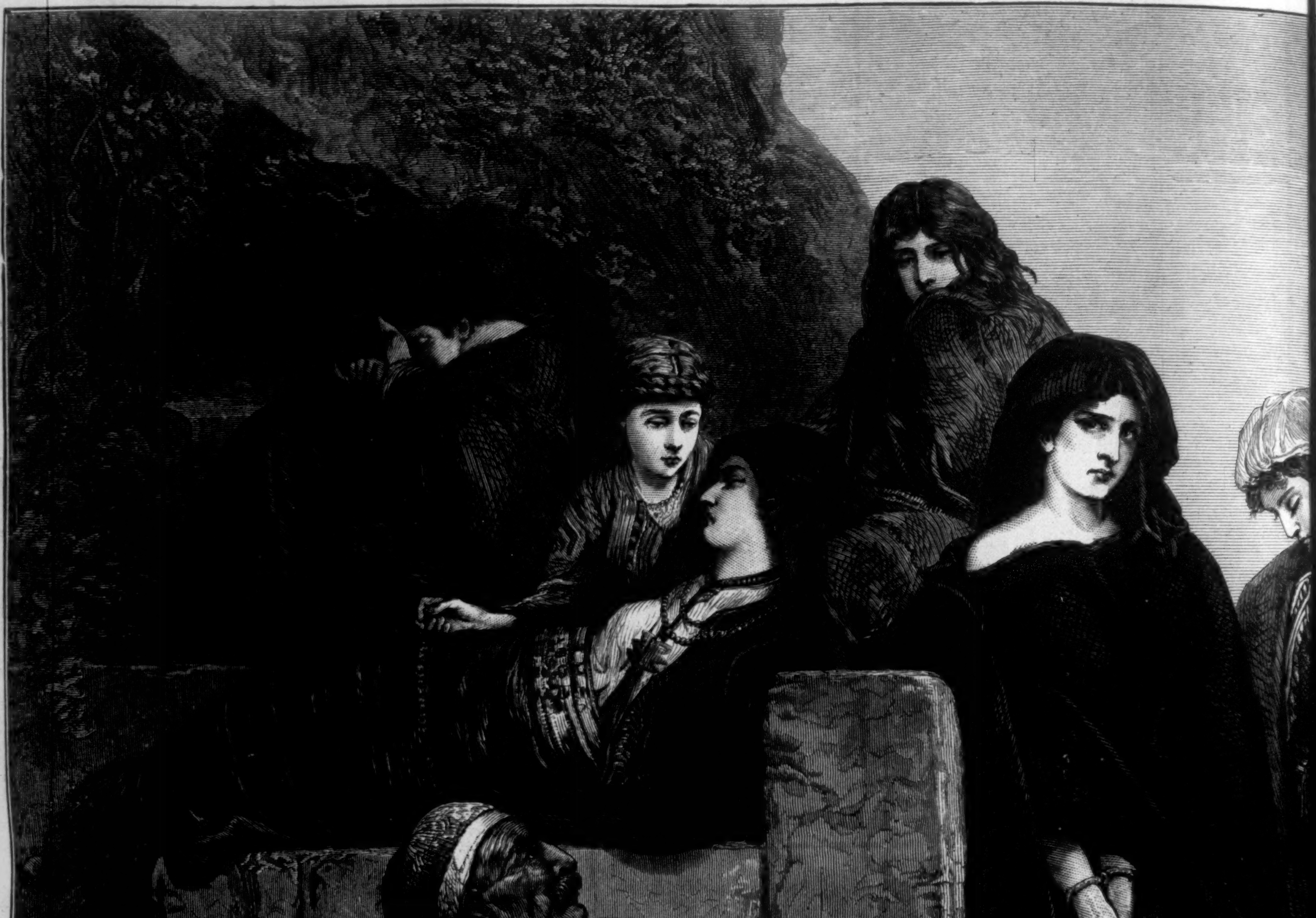
"Really," said Humphrey, affecting ignorance. "Then I wonder Mr. Penwyn keeps her on his premises, now that he knows her son to be such a dangerous character."

"Yes, it's just one of those absurd things men do for the sake of having their own way. I've talked to Mr. Penwyn about it myself ever so many times. 'Why do you annoy your poor wife by keeping a horrid creature like that?' I have asked him. 'Suppose I know your horrid creature to be deserving of protection and shelter, Lady Cheshunt? Should I not be unmanly if I were to sacrifice her to a foolish prejudice of Madge's?' he retorts. So both Madge and I have left off talking about the creature; but I must say that it always makes me feel uncomfortable to see her squatting on the threshold in the sunshine, like an overgrown toad. I think there's something like it in some Greek play; but I don't know where, or which," added Lady Cheshunt, vaguely.

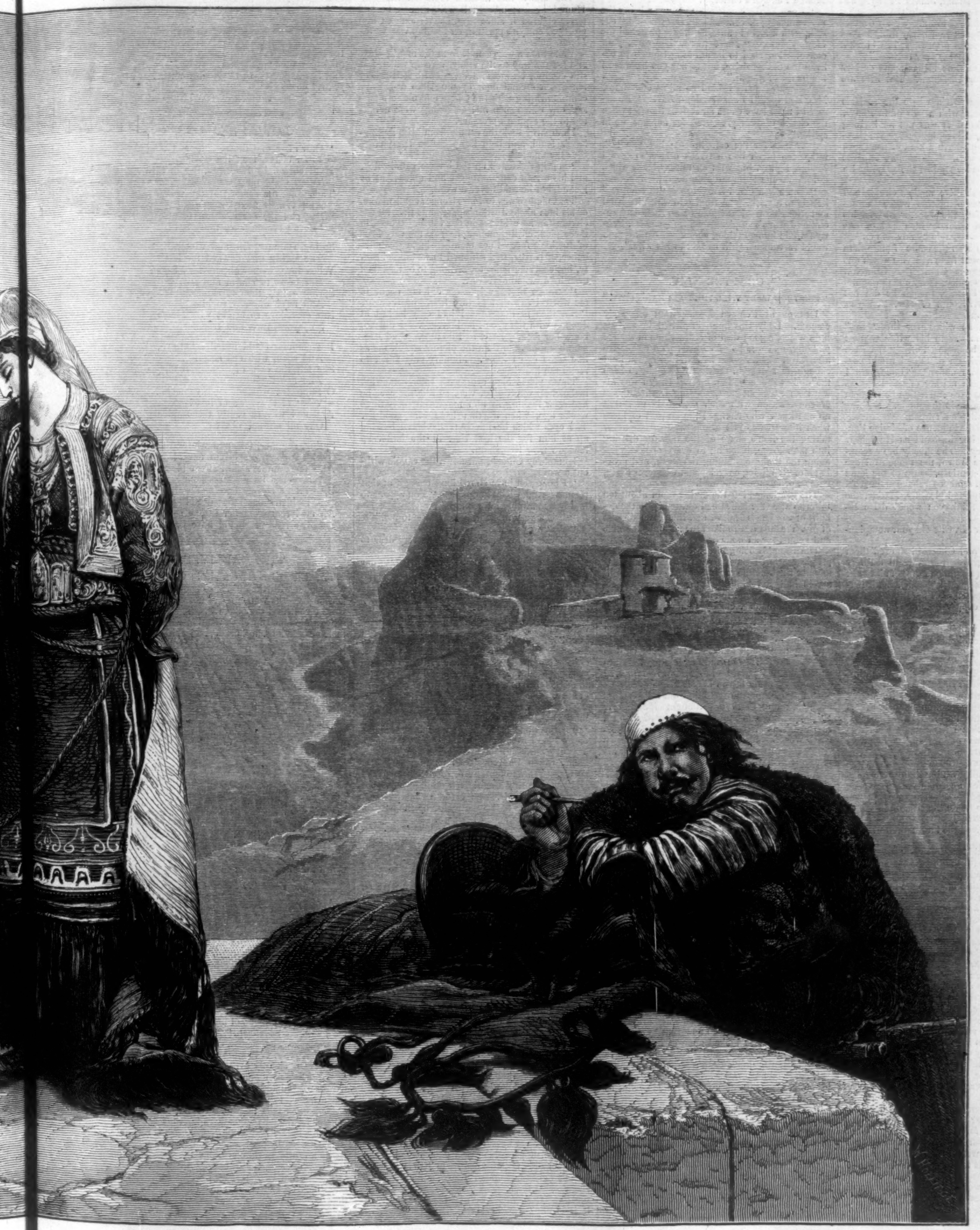
"Perhaps I could tell Mr. Penwyn something about his protégée's antecedents that would make him change his opinion."

"Then pray do. But is it any thing very

[continued on page 928.]



THE CAPTIVES—YOUNG CHRISTIAN GIRLS, CAPTURED BY BASHI BOUZOUKS (TURKISH IRREGU



EGU S), ON THEIR WAY TO ADRIANOPLE TO BE SOLD.—PAINTED BY JAROSLAV CERMAK.—[SEE PAGE 928.]